Reah's Divorce,

by

Lindsey Durham

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Reah was stuck in an emotionally abusive marriage for twelve of what should have been the best years of her life. Verbally taunted and sexually neglected by her selfish husband, the only man she had known since she was fifteen-years-old, Reah did not have the self esteem needed to seek a better life. Until, that is, three kids later, and at the ripe old age of 28, she found what she needed to revitalize her bruised ego and make her desire for something more . . . a lover.

With Reah's psychologically-disturbed husband watching her every move and a tatoo-sporting, nude-bar-dancing boyfriend's wife threatening her life, can Reah and her lover rearrange their lives so they can be together?

Chapter 1

Reah crept down the hall to wake Stone for work. Cameron, her oldest child, was at school. The baby, had already gone down for his morning nap. The single air-conditioning unit in the den put a small dent in the early-morning warmth. It would be overpowered, however, come the afternoon with its unrelenting heat that would flood the entire, three-bedroom home.

Stepping around the toys, dirty dishes and clothes scattered about on the worn carpet, Reah entered her bedroom. Stone's large, naked body sprawled out uncovered across the king-size mattress on the bare wood floor. He slept on his stomach, a single white sheet lay bunched across the back of his right thigh. Reah sighed as she dreamt of a beautiful four-poster bed in rich mahogany with matching dresser and chest of drawers, luxurious velvet curtains and coordinated bed spread and carpeting. They lived in a fairly nice neighborhood in the small town of Duluth on the outskirts of Atlanta, but their ragged and run-down house seemed somewhat out of place among the rest of the well-manicured neighborhood homes.

"Stone, are you going to work today?" Reah asked cautiously.

Stone groggily rolled onto his back. His tan body was covered with a large amount of brown hair. Reah could see that he had his usual morning erection. "Come here, woman!" he ordered. "I want some! . . . . . Suck my dick, bitch! . . . I sure as hell don't want to fuck your fat, pregnant body!"

Reah obediently laid down beside Stone and took his penis in her mouth. He began to roughly hump her head, and she took it into her throat. She was now expert at this tactic after twelve years of keeping her man pleased with blowjobs. He thrust his swollen gland very deeply into her oral cavity as it began to pulse with the release of a large amount of slimy sperm. Reah held the ejaculate in her mouth, climbed off the bed and ran to the bathroom to spit it out.

"Why don't you just swallow it? You must like to run around with it in your mouth so you can taste it. . . . . You're just a damn cheap whore that can't taste enough cum, aren't you, Reah! . . . . . I saw the way you looked at our new, next-door neighbor. You wanna fuck him, don't you! You wanna suck his dick and taste his funk, don't you?!" Stone taunted his repressed wife, evilly.

"Stone, I don't know what you're talking about," Reah responded, quietly.

But Stone wasn't listening. He got up from the bed and walked into the den. He pushed a pile of unfolded laundry off of the couch and onto the floor as he sat down and lit a cigarette. Flicking his smoldering ash onto the floor he growled, "Goddamnit, Reah, this place is a fucking pigsty. Why can't you keep my house clean. This just shows me how much you care. If you cared, you'd keep my house clean!"

Heading into the kitchen, Stone searched the cupboard for a glass. There were none. He looked down at the sink overflowing with unwashed dishes. "Shit! Reah, get your ass in here and wash me a glass!"

Reah calmly walked past Stone and positioned herself in front of the sink. Her bulging belly was beginning to become visible against the shield of her oversized nightshirt. She felt the growing baby kick her from inside as she cleared the sink and ran some dishwater. She had not planned on getting pregnant again so soon after giving birth to her second child, but she and Stone had stayed overnight downtown after a Brave's game, and . . . had forgotten a condom . . . . and . . . well . . accidents . . happen.

She had quit her job with the federal government when Russ was born to stay home with him. Then, to make matters worse, Stone had some kind of falling out with the supervisor of the

engineering firm for which he worked. Reah wasn't sure of any details, Stone didn't think her deserving of that information; but he had worked delivery for PizzaOut ever since, refusing to get another "real" job. Uninsured, Reah had been forced to give birth to Russ at home with the aid of a midwife, as is how she figured this third child would come into the world also.

Reah felt her nightshirt being lifted from behind and Stone's man pole slide between her legs. He reached underneath and roughly kneaded one of her sore and swollen mammaries. Squeezing her eyes shut tight, she fought back the pain. Just hurry up and get it over with, she thought. Do your business and then leave for work . . . leave me in peace!

Stone's large organ slid back and forth between her legs and the crack of her buttocks, and then placing his hand flatly between her shoulder blades, he pushed Reah forcefully over the sink full of dirty dishes. Against the countertop her baby-filled belly was pressed, and her chest was pushed against the clanging pile of pots and pans as Stone thrust his hips hard into Reah's buttocks. Reah's flailing left arm struck a glass and knocked it crashing to the floor.

Stone then reached down and grabbed a handful of flesh between her right buttock and upper-middle thigh. Throwing her leg up onto the counter, more dishes were sent falling to the floor. "Spread your legs so I can get to your pussy!" Stone growled.

Reah felt the head of Stone's penis entering her ripening birth canal. Her passage was tender and sensitive from the pregnancy hormones that invaded her body. The baby squirmed in her womb when Stone forced his hungry tool inside her tunnel brutally, pulled out and shoved in again with growing ferocity. Then he drove his long weapon into her as deep as he could place it, his hips pinning Reah tightly between himself and the kitchen counter, his firm dickhead painfully pressing against her pulpy cervix.

At Reah's ear, Stone began to talk his demented thoughts. "This is where babies come from," he hissed, sliding his penis out and back in again. "I want you to have lots of babies, Reah. So, I can watch them squirt out of you, like I watched Russ come out . . . the way you screamed when your cunt was spread so far apart that your slit ripped almost all the way down to your asshole . . " Stone pulled out and rammed back in again with a grunt, his excitement rising with his sick words. "I want to see the blood again . . . the blood that runs out of you when the baby's head is ripping your pussy lips apart . . . . . I hope we have a little girl this time so I can take baths with her and wash her little pussy . . . "

Stone's movements became faster and harder with his filthy thoughts of incest. His wild thrusts actually lifted Reah's bare feet from the floor as he slammed his rod into her motherly flesh. Reah had once upon a time loved Stone's massive and brick-hard cock, but now she loathed it-- hated it with a passion. Stone grabbed a handful of her hair and jerked her head back. Threateningly, he snarled at her ear. "And don't you be looking at our neighbor anymore, bitch! . . . . I'm the best fuck you're ever gonna get! . . . . Is that clear?!"

Reah merely murmured a frightened whimper.

Stone yanked harder on her hair. "I said, is that clear?!"

"Yes, Stone!" she replied loud and clear.

"Say it! . . . . . Say I'm the best fuck you've ever had!"

"You're the best . . . You're the best, Stone!"

"I'm the best what?"

"The best fuck I've ever had!"

With that, Stone released Reah's hair and pushed her head forward. He grunted with his quick thrusts, groping and kneading frantically at Reah's reddening buttocks. After what seemed like

hours to Reah, he finally found his release, shoving his engorged penis deep into her one last time. She felt his organ throb as his come coursed into her aching receptacle.

Slipping his shrinking member out, he left Reah plastered against the counter and sink without so much as a kiss or even a pat on the back, turned and walked down the hall to shower for work. Reah let him begin to bathe himself under the rushing water before joining him in the bathroom to shyly confront him through the closed shower door. "Stone, can you leave me some money today? . . . . The baby needs some diapers, and we're out of milk."

"Goddamnit, Reah! . . . . You think I'm made out of fucking money, or something?!"

"Stone, if you can't spare the money, I could get a part-time job or something."

"Hell, no! . . . You're not going back to work . . . . You might meet somebody you wanna fuck! . . . Like you did with that Tommy dude at your last job!"

"Stone, I don't know what you're talking about!"

Stone opened the shower door and stepped out, droplets of water streaming down his hairy legs into puddles on the bathroom floor. He retrieved a towel that had been thrown across the back of the toilet. "You know damn well what I'm talking about, Reah!"

"Stone, I've never done anything like that . . . I've always been faithful to you! . . . . You're just imagining things . . . It's . . . it's all in your head!"

Stone grabbed Reah by the throat and pushed her against the wall, his cock once again visibly swelling with the power he felt over her. "Don't say that to me! . . . Don't pretend like it didn't happen! . . . You know what you've done!"

Reah knew that she was right, but was frightened into submission. "Okay," she whispered past the grip Stone had on her throat. "Okay," she repeated in agreement with Stone's unjustified paranoia, feeling the hold he had on her neck loosening.

"I don't have time to discuss your slutting around right now, Reah," he said at last. "I'm already late for work." He retrieved a pair of jeans and a PizzaOut T-shirt from a pile of discarded clothes on the floor and pulled the garments onto his beautiful but troubled body. Grabbing the duck-bill PizzaOut cap from atop his cluttered dresser, he clamped it onto his wet head. Then he picked up his wallet and unfolded it. Taking out a ten-dollar bill, he tossed it toward Reah. "I expect change back!" he ordered.

"Thank you," Reah accepted, gratefully.

Stone stormed out of the room and down the hall. He slammed the heavy front door loudly behind him when he left the house. Reah sighed a breath of relief at the sound of him cranking his car and pulling away from the house.

She stood in front of the bathroom door examining herself in the full length mirror. She pulled the nightshirt over her head and tossed it on the floor so that she stood completely nude. Retrieving her eye glasses from beside the bathroom sink, she put them on her face to bring the reflection in the mirror into focus.

The extra pounds she had gained while pregnant with Russ had been just beginning to melt away when she found herself pregnant once again. Her hips now flared wide to merge with the protrusion of her growing abdomen. Her buttocks drooped to complete the pear- shape of her lower body's physique. Her breasts were full and heavy, the nipples pulling and pointing downward to the floor. She stared back at the round face that was hers in the mirror. The face was pretty but puffy, engorged by pounds of excess body fluid. The complexion was pale, tired--bags forming under her once- spirited green eyes. Her hair, once a very striking platinum blonde, was long over-due for a trim and color treatment.

Reah reached up with her right hand and gingerly stroked her left nipple. With a feather-light touch, she encircled the fair, brown aureola of her breast, still sore from Stone's earlier bruising.

Allowing her hand to travel lower, she ran the palms of her hands over her distended stomach and down to her abdomen just above the pubic-hair line. If she pressed inward she could feel the outer wall of her uterus, hard and unyielding, like a thick, solid ball pressing out at her navel. Down further her loving hand traveled until her fingers found the unruly curls of her dirty- blonde pubic hair. Ever so lovingly, she pinched and delicately pulled at her muffin until the hair there was fluffed, soft and springy. Then a wandering finger found her slit, left moist and raw from Stone's harsh and damaging morning intrusion.

Reah's fingers babied her abused pussy, rubbing in between her labia with healing and pleasurable strokes. She buried a tender finger deeply into her sensitive vagina, and twisting it slightly brought out some lubricant to grease the way between the opening and her clitoris. With but one brush of her slicked finger across her clit, Reah's knees impulsively bent to allow her legs to open. The wonderful sensation coming from between her legs had taken control of her body now as Reah sank to the floor still in front of the bathroom mirror.

She fantasized of Stone performing gentle cunnilingus on her fragile membranes as she watched what she did to herself in the mirror. Actually, Stone had only used his tongue on her maybe twice in the whole twelve years she'd been married to him, and then he'd seemed so repulsed by it that it was not pleasurable for either one of them. How Reah longed for Stone to make sweet passionate love to her. On the few occasssions when he had, however, he had ruined it in the end by saying something like: "Even if someone else would have your ugly ass, they damn sure wouldn't have you when they find out you've had my children . . . . . Yep, you're damaged goods, Reah . . . . Damaged goods."

But, now she fantasized. She fantasized that he was doing it, doing it right, and that she was loving it.

The rare sight of her ripening genitals reflected in the mirror fueled Reah's fire hotter when she once again dipped into her pulsating opening and applied more glistening sauce to her clitoris. With quick flicks of her wrist, Reah worked the tiny button back and forth. Seeing her cunt open and close hungrily with the emergence of a sticky stream of vaginal juices spurred Reah to rub her clitty faster and harder. Faster and faster she rubbed, as fast as she could possibly move her wrist, unable to slow herself to prolong the pleasure when she felt the first waves of her orgasm wreak it's glorious spasms throughout her body. The powerful muscles of her fertile uterus contracted with such intensity that Reah's limbs locked stiff--the only moving part of her body her madly-driving digit. Her head fell back against the tile floor, among the dirty towels and tousled, shaggy throw-rugs. Reah held her breath and was completely silent while she savored her pounding climax. Her finger slowed to small, circling movements around her flushed clit. Her legs closed on her hand.

Reah sat up from the bathroom floor and looked around guiltily. She must hurry to shower. Her mother would be here to pick her up soon to take her to the W.I.C. office. (Women, Infants and Children). Since her husband wouldn't support his family, Reah planned to apply for government aid. The W.I.C. office would provide formula for the baby and milk for her since she was pregnant.

She walked over and picked up the ten-dollar bill Stone had been gracious enough to leave for her. It would cover the cost of diapers for all of a week. Placing the bill carefully on her dresser, Reah headed directly to the shower.

The warm, pelting water felt wonderful on her body. As she soaped and rinsed away the slimy product of her masturbation from between her legs, it was the finishing touch and final healing step at making her privates feel fresh and new once again.

Once out of the shower, the massage she gave herself with her drying towel helped to make her feel she could face the day. She pulled on a pair of maternity blue-jean shorts and a large pink T- shirt that read "Baby Aboard." When she heard her mother pull into the driveway and honk, she picked the sleeping baby up from his crib, placed a previously-packed diaper bag into the infant car-seat and threw the strap of her purse over her shoulder.

When she walked out the front door, her mother was making her way to the house to help Reah carry out her things. "Hi!" came a cheery voice from the house next door. Reah turned to see her new next-door neighbor waving at her. He was washing his car in his driveway. "Hi!" she returned, checking him out. His short shorts revealed the muscular shapeliness of very masculine legs, and his T-shirt stretched tightly across his chest, promising broad shoulders and strong arms. As if reading her mind, he removed his shirt at that very moment, and Reah's loins tingled with the sight of a sexy patch of chest hair between two firm and smooth man breasts. His smile was lovely.

Yes, she concluded, he was a very attractive man. But why had Stone noticed it before she had?

Chapter 2

Stone stiffened when he read the address and instructions on the delivery ticket. "ll0 Falls Blvd, Apt. 3223-J/Request for Stone Michaels to make delivery/Extra Anchovies," it read. Although dread and panic filled Stone's head, his cock had other ideas, for it knew what pleasures were lurking at ll0 Falls Blvd.

He carried the pizza to his small, waste of a vehicle and hesitantly drove in the direction of the apartment of Jim Darling. Stone's head was swimming with guilt, but his penis was having the final say, the throb of his nervous heartbeat pounding in his groin. He fought back his feelings of arousal; nevertheless, when he pulled to a stop in front of the apartment, he was sporting an impressive semi-erection. Stone wondered why Jim had ordered anchovies, catching a whiff of their fishy aroma as he made his way to the door.

Down, damnit!, Stone thought as his rebellious dick rose another notch when his finger came in contact with the doorbell. Jim Darling opened the door wide and stood looking Stone over, up and down slowly, from head to toe. Then his eyes fixed on the very obvious bulge at the crotch of Stone's blue jeans.

Jim was dressed fashionably, his bleached-blonde hair tossed with styling mousse. A single, dangling earring hung from his right ear. "Hiiiiiiii, Stone!" he greeted with the drawl of a southern woman. "So niiiiice to see you again! . . . Won't you come in?"

"Uh. . I'm not supposed to go inside the homes of the . . customers," Stone refused.

"Awwwwww, now! . . . . How am I gonna give you your tip if you won't come insiiiiide!" whined Jim. Looking at the lively hump between Stone's legs, Jim licked his lips provocatively.

Stone felt as if his penis was literally tugging at him to enter Jim's apartment. "Well, I guess. . . it'll . . be okay for . . . just a minute . . if you insist."

Once inside, Jim took the pizza from Stone and closed the door behind him. He handed Stone a ten and a five for the pizza, and Stone's finger arbitrarily brushed his thickening rod as he placed the bills in his pocket. By now, Stone's penis was almost fully erect with the anticipation of what it knew Jim was about to do. Jim set the pizza down on the coffee table and opened the box. "Oh, goooooody! You brought me the anchovies, just like I asked!" he cheered as the salty smell of the little fish filled the room.

"I didn't know you liked anchovies," Stone commented nervously.

"Oh, but I do!" Jim said with a lustful gleam in his eye as he turned to discover the log pressing outward at Stone's fly. "Ohhhhhhhh! I see Petey decided to join us!" Jim crooned as he rushed to place his hand on Stone's stiff hard-on. Stone's face flushed hot red as Jim gripped his meat through his jeans and rubbed it up an down. "How have yawllll been?!," Jim asked. "I've really missed my Petey pal!"

"Look!" Stone came to his senses. "I don't have much time here, so just hurry up and do me!"

"Well, well, well . . . . aren't we grumpy today! . . . . . Does Petey want his tip in fellatio, as usual?!"

"Yeah, suck my dick, you little fairy! . . And hurry up!"

Jim got on his knees and began unbuttoning Stone's fly. "Now, now, Stone. . . . a beautiful organ like yours can't be rushed," he teased as he lowered Stone's jeans to his thighs and took out his rigid cock. Jim took Stone's balls in his hands as he flicked his tongue across the head and down the shaft until his face was nestled between the hairy eggs. Jim then nuzzled and licked at the testicles until they were tight and ready to explode. Stone threw back his head as a groan of ecstacy escaped from his throat. The head of his penis was a crimson red and was so hard it

seemed to glow with heat.

"Oh, no!" Jim exclaimed, lifting his head from Stone's crotch. "Petey's ready to come! . . . . We can't have that, yet." Jim took his hands and ran them over the head of the dick and down the sides of the shaft in a petting motion. "There, there, Petey . . . . You're a pretty boy, yes you are!"

"Would you get on with it!" Stone growled in a voice gruff with desperation. But Jim moved away from him. He went to the table and picked an anchovy off the pizza. Placing the smelly fish on his tongue, Jim made an erotic production out of devouring it, then picked up the box of pizza and placed it on the floor near Stone's feet.

Stone stood motionless, save his quivering legs, his dick still exposed and severely hard. Jim plucked another fish off the pizza and ran it over the length of Stone's shaft. Stone's dick danced with the teasing caresses. His mind was swimming as he once again threw his head back and closed his eyes. The pungent, fishy smell swirled together with the musky perfume of his smoldering man flesh. The piquant shell and sea odors were unmistakably like that of a woman, and Stone's senses reeled with the confusion he felt between his homo-sexual and his hetero-sexual self.

Jim popped the anchovy that he was tracing over Stone's penis into his mouth and retrieved another fresh one from the box. Repeating this procedure until he had Stone's penis coated with the slimy fragrance, he then took the organ into his mouth. "MMMMMMMmmmmmm," Jim moaned at the feminine taste of Stone's rod. Much excited by the tasty treat, Jim gobbled at Stone's dick hungrily, thoroughly enjoying sucking and licking frantically at the organ.

In an aroused stupor, Stone spilled his seed quickly, the salty liquid gushing into Jim's mouth. The feel of Stone's squirting fluid in his mouth gave Jim his own orgasm as his ejaculation soiled his trousers from the inside.

Stone quickly stepped back and tucked his reeking penis back into his pants. He looked down at the wet spot on the front of Jim's clothes in disgust. "I've gotta go," Stone said briefly as he hurriedly turned and exited Jim's apartment.

Stone finished his shift that day in a daze of anger. He felt so guilty and cheap for what he had allowed a man to do to him. It was all that damn Reah's fault. If she were more attractive . . . or sexier . . . . or faithful . . . . or something. . . . . She should be able to do SOMETHING to better satisfy him . . . . he wouldn't have to resort to such . . . . . perversions.

He decided to stop at the video store on his way home that night and rent an X-rated heterosexual video to prove to himself that he was turned on by women. It was late when he pulled into the driveway, and the house was dark and quiet as he walked inside. Reah and the children were already in bed asleep. Stone took the last bite out of the pizza he had brought home and threw the empty box and crust in the floor. He plugged the video into the VCR and plopped down on the couch. He took off his hat and shoes and tossed them into the floor. When a tall, surgically-endowed brunette in high heels entered the screen of the television, Stone also removed his pants, and threw them into a pile on the floor as well. Stone's boner was already at full attention. He smiled to himself. Yep, he was definitely turned on by women.

The woman on TV sat down on a sofa, unsnapped the crotch of her sexy negligee and spread her legs wide. The camera zoomed in for a close up of her shiny, pink genitalia. Once the camera panned back out, a man with a freakishly large erection entered the picture and stood before the woman. The man next laid down on his back on the couch and placed the woman astride his wondrous tool. Another close up as the man entered the woman and thrust at her professionally. With the full view once again, another man had now entered the picture and was

approaching the woman from behind. To her elevated rump he positioned himself, between her legs and the legs of the man underneath her. With his fingers, the second man found the woman's anus and used this as a guide by which to steer his probing rod to her back entrance.

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" the woman in the movie cried out with pleasure. Real women liked their cavities to be filled with man meat, Stone thought to himself. Why didn't Reah like it when he tried to butt fuck her?

The tiny woman was prodded roughly by the two men in both of her entrances, but her face never showed any expression other than absolute ecstacy. Stone gripped his cock firmly in his fist. He imagined it was his tool that violated the young woman as he jerked at himself wildly. The foam from his organ shot out and ran down the sides of his shaft. As the menage a trois' on television continued, he used the cream from his ejaculation to grease his wilting member and stroke it to an erection once again.

The man in the video that had his penis in the woman's rectum now pulled out and stood before her in front of the couch. He offered his penis to the woman's mouth, which she gladly accepted. It greatly excited Stone that this woman was so hot that she would suck the dick of a man that had just taken it out of her ass. Why wasn't Reah this hot? Damn her!

Stone masturbated more enthusiastically now as he watched the close up shots of the woman's talented tongue on the man's engorged cock. Stone tugged and tugged, but he couldn't come. He heard the baby start to cry from down the hall.

Tuning out the baby, Stone attempted to concentrate on the movie. The baby cried louder. Stone tried to ignore it, but the baby cried louder, still. Where was Reah? Why the hell wasn't she getting the baby?! Make that damn baby shut the hell up!, he thought.

The woman in the video was now licking the man's balls while she tugged at the man's dick with her hands. The camera kept showing close ups of the man's beneath her penis plunging into her pussy. Stone's balls tightened and he pulled harder and faster with his fist, but, still, he could not come. The baby still cried.

"REAH!!" Stone yelled. "REAH!! . . Get up and tend to that damn baby!" Stone heard the sound of Reah's bare feet shuffling down the hall. He was still masturbating on the couch when Reah walked through groggily with the baby to get a bottle from the kitchen.

Reah was so exhausted she didn't even notice Stone, her eyes half closed and her hair ruffled from having been sleeping so soundly. The W.I.C. office had earlier that day provided her with some coupons for formula for the baby, since her breast milk had begun to dry up when she had become pregnant again. Providing her also with a month's worth of coupons for three gallons of cow's milk a week, the doctor at W.I.C. explained to her that she needed to drink several glasses of milk a day for herself and the developing fetus since her body had not had time to recover fully between pregnancies.

Stone heard Reah moving about in the kitchen--opening and closing the refrigerator door, banging pots and pans around, slamming the microwave door. All the while, the baby still cried.

On the television now, the woman was standing before the couch while one man sat on the couch with his mouth between her legs sucking her slit while the other man licked her anus from behind. If Reah's cunt was that purty and pink, I'd lick it like that, too, Stone thought to himself as he attempted to concentrate on the movie despite Reah's noisiness in the kitchen; but he still couldn't come. Damnit! A man can't even have a decent jerk-off around this place!, he swore to himself. "Could you keep it down in there, Reah!" he shouted.

Reah came out of the kitchen and sat down in the den with Stone. Ignoring Stone, she cradled the baby in her arms and gave him his bottle. Stone looked at his wife, delirious with fatigue, as she dozed in the chair with the feeding baby. With his dick still in his hand, he wondered how she could be so stupid. Couldn't she see that he needed some privacy!

He leaned forward and retrieved the remote control from the coffee table in front of him. He pressed the fast forward button until he located the next scene of the movie and found another act where a woman was giving a man head. Stone was moved to arousal once again at the sight of the woman's lips stretching so wide to take the man's penis deeply into her mouth. Suddenly, Stone had an idea . . . .

"Hey, Reah?"

"Hmmm?"

"C'mere . . . ."

Reah opened her heavy eyes and gazed at her husband sitting on the couch with his dick in his hand, grinning at her deviously.

"C'mere . . . ." he repeated.

"Ohhhhh, Stone," she objected. "I'm trying to feed the baby."

"Bring him with you, and C'mere!"

"Ohhhhh, Stone . . . I'm so tired . . . ."

Stone was standing now. He kicked the coffee table across the room. "Goddamnit, woman! . . . Are you refusing me?! . . . . How dare you! . . . Get your ass over here now! . . . . If you were any kind of a real woman, you wouldn't be able to get enough dick sucking . . . like these women on T.V.!"

Reah moved reluctantly toward her husband, the baby still in her arms and another still growing in her belly. "On you knees in front of me, now!" Stone ordered.

Reah heard the footsteps of her oldest son in the hallway. She turned to see Cameron entering the den. He rubbed his eyes shakily, awakened by the commotion coming from the room. "Mommy, what's happening!" he asked, frightened.

"Goddamnit, kid! . . . Go back to fucking bed!" Stone cursed at his child. He had never believed Cameron to be his son, surmising that fifteen-year-old Reah had become pregnant by someone else and deceived twenty-seven-year-old him into marrying her. No one believed his ridiculous claim, however, as all one had to do was look at the way Cameron resembled Stone to tell that he was definitely Stone's offspring.

"It's okay, honey . . . Go back to bed, now . . . Tomorrow's a school day," Reah got up quickly from her knees and gently corrected her son. She wrapped her free arm around the boy and led him down the hall to his bedroom. As she was tucking him back in bed, she heard Stone screaming from the den, "Reah, get your ass back in here!"

Reah returned to her husband in the den. "Back on your knees, bitch!" Stone ordered. Reah was obedient, sinking to her knees in front of her husband resting the baby in her arms on her protruding stomach. Stone's excitement peaked as he thought of sticking his penis in Reah's warm, soft mouth.

He hit the rewind key on the remote control and found the part in the movie once again where the woman sucked the man's dick that had just come out of her asshole. Stone watched the movie carefully as he imagined that Reah was the beautifully made up woman in the video and that he had just taken his dick out of her pink ass as he pushed his cock into Reah's mouth.

It was not long then until Stone's balls rose into his groin and were drained of every last drop

of come as he emptied himself into Reah's mouth. Reah then quickly rose from her crouched position, a baby in her arms and a baby in her belly as she ran as fast as she could to the bathroom to spit.

Chapter 3

Joel Dearman sipped his vodka alone in the back of the shady lounge. With a steady stare, he watched the swaying body of the dancer presently on stage. The dancer returned Joel's stare, dropped to her bare belly and slithered up to the side of the platform. She flipped her long locks forward to land smack across her pointing, exposed nipples and back again over her shoulders. Twirling her long, pointed finger in her mouth, she then suggestively slid the digit out of her pursed, red lips, then motioned for Joel to come hither. Sexily exaggerating the movements of her full lips, she mouthed the words to the song that filled the room: "Yes, Baby, I want to be your lover." Joel never broke his appreciative gaze, but simply raised his glass in response and gave a gentle nod of approval as he took a long, contemplative drag from his cigarette. The woman then stood, undid her panties, the only garment she wore besides towering sandals and a lacy garter stuffed with money around her thigh. She slid the silky cloth of her discarded panties between her legs, back and forth through the slit of her pussy and the crack of her ass. A tiny tangle of pubic hair was now exposed barely within the confines of her skimpy tan line, just above her pouting slit. She pranced slowly to her pole in the middle of the stage, lifting her knees high like a sleek stallion. Raising her long, soft hair with her hands from underneath, she bent her neck and rotated her head to wave her beautiful mane about wildly. Holding onto the pole for support, she next spread her legs stiffly with her back to Joel and bent forward until her hair swept the floor of the stage. Peeking around her stretched left leg, she again made eye contact with Joel, who had never taken his eyes off of her. She began flexing the muscles in her elevated ass, her cunt gaping at him. Joel raised his glass once again and nodded appreciatively as the dancer straightened and swung her naked body around her pole.

A waitress in a scanty, blue-satin uniform approached Joel's table. "Are you ready for another, Joel?" she asked.

"Yes, thank you, Roxy," Joel answered. "And would you do me a favor and give this to Desiree?" He handed Roxy a ten-dollar bill.

"Sure."

Roxy took the bill and headed off with her serving tray in the direction of the stage. Desiree watched Roxy approach and crouched down to take the money from her outstretched hand. Pushing loose strands of hair behind her ear, Desiree turned a listening ear toward Roxy who was pointing to Joel. Both Desiree and Roxy then turned to look at Joel who blew out his smoke and bent a few fingers at the women from his seat in the corner. Desiree then waved the bill at him in acknowledgement of his tip and bounced down the steps of the stage and over to Joel's table. There she stood directly in front of Joel and began rocking her hips forward and back directly in his face. Gyrating her lower body, she swung her organ within full view of Joel's pleased eyes. Opening her arms, Desiree shimmied her chest back and forth, rocking her breasts from side to side vigorously as she slowly embraced Joel. "Thank you," she said kissing him on the cheek.

Joel smiled warmly, his face taking on a healthy blush when Desiree turned and sashayed back to the stage shaking her buttocks behind her. A dark spot of Desiree's lipstick was left behind on Joel's cheek.

Joel had a weakness for women. Women were the most important thing in Joel's life. He could not imagine a world without women. To look at a woman was to make love to her, the way their red, wet lips resembled the mouth of an aroused vagina. To look into their mischievous eyes was like picturing an orgasm--smiling, deep and colorful. A woman's long, warm hair, that held the musky aroma of sex--How Joel loved to run his fingers through a

woman's hair, to bury his face in it, to have his penis wrapped in it.

Yes, Joel was overwhelmed by the magnificence of woman, and even somewhat intimidated. The way a woman can read a man's thoughts and manipulate them for the sake of her own agenda. Their long, powerful legs joined where they meet by an unsettling wound- like opening--how he loved that opening--to penetrate it ever so carefully with his male probe, always afraid he would accidentally injure the fragile female flower. So most of all he liked to sniff it, to lick it, to rub his face in it.

Roxy approached again carrying Joel's drink. "Thank you, Dear," he said, slipping Roxy a ten-dollar bill. "Keep the change, Darlin'."

"Thank you, Joel," Roxy purred.

"Kaye's up next on stage . . . . There's more if you want it . . ."

"Oh, yeah . . . Like what? . . . The usual?" Roxy's eyes became bright.

"Name your pleasure, Darlin'," Joel flirted, running his fingers lightly up the inside of Roxy's thigh stopping just short of her crotch.

"The usual would be great," Roxy agreed, a slight quiver of anticipation in her voice.

"Okay, then . . . The usual it is . . . . in the supply closet . . . . as soon as Kaye goes on."

Roxy winked her understanding as she retrieved Joel's empty glass, emptied his ashtray and walked away.

The music stopped and the announcer sounded over the speakers: "Let's give a big round of applause for the lovely Desiree!"

Jim set down his glass and hung his smoking cigarette between his hairy lips. He raised his hands high to clap for Desiree. The room filled with the sound of claps, cheers and wolf calls from the other patrons. Desiree took a bow and exited the stage.

The announcer came on again, "Next up, gentlemen, is another beautiful house dancer. Let's welcome gorgeous Kaye!"

Kaye came onto the stage in black, thigh-high leather boots and a shiny leather thong teddy. As she swung around the center pole, she was greeted by fresh applause, whistles and cat calls. Joel watched this dancer with less interest. Kaye was Joel's wife.

Kaye twisted and lowered her legs down the slick pole. The bright lights on stage made it difficult for her to see the crowd, and luckily for the crowd, vice versa. Kaye's curly brown hair was thinning, her wrinkling face hidden with a thick layer of makeup. The skin on her abdomen sagged slightly--resembling tanned leather- -underneath a gold, navel ring. Tattoos adorned her body in several places--a butterfly on the back of her right shoulder, a rose low on her left breast and a heart on her left buttock with the inscription, "Whisper."

But Kaye had been dancing for years, and she knew how to please a crowd. Her overall appearance was tough, and that appealed to the rough, biker-type crowd that frequented the disreputable establishment in the hard-core district of downtown Atlanta.

Shortly into Kaye's act, Joel exited his table and went to the men's room. Coming out a few minutes later, he headed down a back hall instead of going back to the lounge. To the rear of the hall he walked until he came to a closed door on the left side. Grabbing hold of the knob, he looked from side to side suspiciously. Seeing the coast was clear, he opened the door, stepped inside and pulled the cord that activated the light switch. Out of the complete darkness suddenly appeared the bird-like shape of Roxy's spread legs as she lay splayed across a dusty, stored bar counter. Her blue uniform was hiked up to her waist, her cunt exposed, ripe and ready for him.

"Oh, Roxy!" Joel cried as he flung himself upon her in a mad rush of passion. He planted his

lips firmly on the fleshy mouth of Roxy's vagina, frenching and kissing it as if it were the mouth on her face.

"Oh, Joel!" Roxy moaned when he reached his hands underneath her parted legs, raising her ass and pulling her breasts out of the top of her dress. His tongue slipped inside her pink cavity while he continued to pinch and squeeze Roxy's nipples. He seemed to be trying to push his whole head into her, face- first, to crawl through her passage into her womb. Roxy's head turned back and forth ecstatically and she groaned with the pleasure and the pain of expectancy.

Joel's face was smeared with her juices when a light tapping came from outside the door. Desiree opened the door quietly and stepped inside almost before Joel even had a chance to lift his face from Roxy's orifice. Desiree's eyes became wide with amusement and her hand flew up to cover her mouth when she saw the spectacle happening before her. "Oh! I always wondered where you two were always disappearing to!" she laughed.

Desiree was wearing only a flimsy, peach, slip-gown as a coverup between routines. "Desiree, Darlin'," breathed Joel. "Want me to get your pretties plumped before you have to go on again?"

Desiree looked from Joel's glistening face to Roxy, who lay stunned with desire. A definite look of interest crossed her face, and Joel caught it immediately. "C'mon, hop up here! . . . . I can make you feel as good as Roxy's feelin' right about now, baby."

Desiree's face flushed with wanting, and Joel preyed on it, lived for it. "Right here, Darlin'," he said, tapping the counter top next to Roxy's ass with the palm of his hand.

Desiree took a step forward, and Joel assisted her to the bar. Placing his hands flatly on her outer thighs, he slid them up her gown until he had her firmly around the ribs. Then he lifted her to a sitting position, and without breaking eye contact, he unfastened the hook on her break-away panties.

When Joel looked away from Desiree's eyes, he traveled immediately down to the pouting crevice between her legs. He sank his tongue into her ravenously, sucking and tugging with his lips. His left hand reached across to fondle Roxy's well-lubricated slit while his right moved up to circle Desiree's nipples. To Joel's surprise, Desiree reached over and began groping at Roxy's breasts.

Joel's dedicated fingers found Roxy's clitoris, and Roxy reached down herself to pull back the foreskin that covered the shaft of her button. As Roxy became more frantic with her approaching climax, Joel lifted his face from Desiree's cunt and planted his needed tongue again on Roxy. Desiree, was not left unattended, however, since Joel replaced his mouth on her begging parts with his caressing fingertips.

When Roxy lurched into a seething orgasm, Joel slurped and devoured every emerging drop of her sauce, wholly enjoying every last droplet. Then Roxy sat up, slid out from under Joel, and Joel returned his face to Desiree's ready-to-pop cookie.

Joel's tongue never faltered as he lapped now at Desiree's clit. Roxy sank down to her knees on the floor beside Joel, unbuckled his pants and pulled out his rigid penis. Roxy took his cock deeply into her gracious lips, fueling Joel to lick Desiree's cunt furiously.

Joel heard the applause that signified the end of Kaye's dance. He needed to hurry, since this would be the last routine of Kaye's shift, and she would be ready for him to take her home. But, this was by far one of the most enjoyable sexual experiences he had ever been fortunate enough to have, and there was no way Kaye was gonna ruin it for him.

He flicked the tip of his tongue quickly over Desiree's clitoris while Roxy pushed and pulled

his cock roughly in and out of her mouth. Roxy squeezed and groped his buttocks as she pulled him into her hard, over and over. When Desiree's hips began to flex upward to hunch her organ across Joel's sucking mouth, he knew she was on the verge of a climax. He slipped two fingers into her channel and worked them while continuing the onslaught of his tongue on her clit. When Desiree heaved into a screaming orgasm, she pressed his face hard into her cunt. This was enough to spark Joel to his release, spilling his foaming seed into Roxy's lovely mouth.

Desiree's screams had barely subsided, and Roxy had just sucked the last drop of semen from Joel's dwindling tool when the door to the closet burst open abruptly. Kaye stood there in a lightweight trench coat, legs parted boldly, arms folded across her chest. Her face remained cold and expressionless as she watched Desiree quickly sit up and close her legs and Roxy slip her mouth off Joel's dick.

"C'mon, Joel! Let's go!" Kaye said in a huff, leaving Joel to obediently zip his pants and follow behind his angry wife.

When Joel caught up to Kaye, she was already seated outside in the dark parking lot, arms still folded, in the cab of Joel's economy-size, pick-up truck. "What's wrong Honey Bunch?" he whined when he slid in underneath the steering wheel.

"You know damn-well what's wrong, Joel!"

"But Snookie Pie, those girls don't mean anything to me . . . . I was just using them to make you jealous, Pookie."

"Make me jealous? . . . . . Why?"

"So you'll punish me . . . punish me hard!" Kaye's tight posture seemed to relax somewhat. Of course, Joel saw that he was in. He decided to go for home.

"C'mon, Baby Cakes . . . . Joel's been a BAD boy . . . he needs to be punished . . . he needs to be spanked, please!" he begged running his hand under her trench coat and up her thigh.

Kaye looked at Joel's sincerely desperate face. The neon lights from the "ALL NUDE GIRLS!" sign reflected off the lipstick print Desiree had left on his cheek. Kaye drew her arm back and cold cocked Joel hard across the print with all her might. His head ricocheted off the back window of the truck cab. "Bastard!" Kaye seethed.

"Yeah, Baby! . . . That's it! . . . Hurt me!" Joel coached, still unsteady from Kaye's blow as he moved closer to her and brushed her face lightly with the backs of his fingers.

Kaye lurched into him, screaming like a mad woman. She slapped his duck-bill cap off of his head and grabbed great handfuls of his shaggy black hair with both hands. Shaking his head back and forth violently, Kaye bellowed, "Goddamnit, Joel! . . . Take me home!. . . . Take me home now, you bastard!"

Kaye finally released Joel, and he slowly straightened in his seat, his hair muddled and a bloody scratch across the tip of his left eyebrow. A thick drop of blood trickled a solid red line down his face, severing precisely down the middle the lipstick print on his cheek.

"Yes, Love. . . . That's where we need to go . . . home," Joel said timidly, pressing in the clutch to start his truck. The married couple rode in silence to their apartment.

Once inside the apartment, Joel began another plea for Kaye's forgiveness. "Please, Honey Pie . . . forgive me. . . . I only did it to get you hot . . You're so hot and passionate when you're angry!"

"Fuck off!"

Joel went to the bedroom closet and pulled out a silver-plated spatula. Returning to Kaye, he implored her, "Here. . . . Use Jocko on me . . . Get it out . . . . Take your anger out on my bare

ass!"

"Give me that!" demanded Kaye, yanking the utensil from Joel's hand. "Get naked!" she commanded.

Joel did--stepping out of his pants after prying off his tennis shoes then pulling his T-Shirt over his head. "Your socks, too!" Kaye corrected. "Every last stitch! . . . I want you naked!"

Joel reached down and stretched his socks from his feet. He then stood completely nude before her, his wiry body covered from head to toe with generous patches of curly, black hair. A thick rug of the hair, on his chest especially, completely concealed the underlying skin from visibility. "I will not use Jocko on you until you lick my asshole!" Kaye promised.

"Yes, my mistress. Yes, my wife . . . Whatever you want, I'll do it!"

Kaye dropped the trench coat from around her body. She had nothing on underneath except the shiny, black thong teddy and thigh-high leather boots that she had worn for her last dance routine. Joel knew now that he had her--from here on out it was just play acting, and he would pretend to suffer for his sin.

Kaye turned her back to Joel, leaned over and unsnapped the crotch of her kinky thong. "Go on, lick it!" she directed.

"Oh, Kaye!" Joel whimpered as he flung himself to his knees with his face buried in the crack of her ass. Kaye leaned further forward and reached back to spread her buttocks apart with her hands. "Jocko" hung threateningly down the side of her right thigh. The elastic ring of her anus was served conveniently to Joel as he sniffed and licked at the salty gland. The fetor of her cunt swirled into Joel's nostrils, having a dizzying effect on his mind. Such raw and explicit intimacy with the female body gave him intoxicating pleasure. A stiff erection quickly developed between his legs.

"That's enough!" Kaye directed, stepping away from the kneeling Joel. "Kiss my feet now!" she ordered, turning to face him. Joel fell all over himself to obey. He leaned forward, his lips on Kaye's boot, his buttocks in the air, a spray of black hair sprouting from between the globes of his butt cheeks. Kaye reached across and brought Jocko down hard across Joel's elevated ass with a loud crack.

"Ahhhhh!" Joel flinched, taking his lips off her foot. She had hit him harder than she had ever hit him before. She must really be mad.

"Kiss my other foot now!" Kaye ordered. "And don't take your lips off until I say you can!"

Joel lowered his face to Kaye's boot once again, and once again Kaye lowered the spatula across Joel's buttocks. "Keep your head down," Kaye instructed when Joel wailed in agony. "I'm fixin' to paddle your ass until it glows red!"

With that Kaye began swatting Joel's rear hard and fast. He wriggled and squirmed, but didn't dare take his lips from her boot. The stinging blows were unbearable, and tears came to his eyes. But, still, Joel did not disobey Kaye's order to keep his lips on her boot; and, still, his rigid erection did not bend. How wonderful it was to be so dominated by a woman--the creature he so worshipped. Kaye whipped him just like his momma had whipped him when he had disobeyed as a youngster. To be painfully punished and then forgiven through love was his ultimate nirvana.

Suddenly, Kaye ceased her beating and flung herself onto her back in the middle of the floor. "Fuck me, Joel!" she demanded. "Fuck my pussy!"

Joel quickly mounted Kaye and sunk his member into her sultry flesh. "Ohhhhh!" he groaned at the intense contrast between the wonderful sensation he now felt as compared to the torturous

beating he endured a few seconds earlier. The ecstacy was overpowering as Joel's eyes rolled back in his head with a grimace of elation.

"Fuck me, Joel! . . Fuck me hard!" Kaye coached from underneath him.

Joel did so, taking her with the roughest thrusts he possibly could. Kaye was tough enough, he was certain, that he would not hurt her. So he enjoyed her fully, confident that she would not break.

Kaye did not break, but instead she came. She came hard, milking Joel's driving tool with the convulsions of her channel. Inspired by the beauty of his wife's pleasure, Joel embellished her orgasm with his own bursting fruit.

Spent, Joel rolled off of Kaye and onto the floor where they slept.

An hour later Joel awoke and moved to the bed. It was 3:30 a.m. He set his alarm clock to go off at 4:30. He could get in one more hour's sleep before time to open at Jim's Diner in Duluth, Georgia.

Chapter 4

The hog beneath Whisper rumbled resonately between his legs as he pulled into the empty parking space of Joel Dearman. The early- morning sun was already returning in upward waves from the sizzling pavement. Joel must have already left for work, Whisper reasoned as he dismounted and lowered the kickstand of his huge chopper. That would mean he could have Joel's wife all to himself. This was a good thing. He was in the mood for a little fun.

Approaching the front door of the apartment, he opened it quietly with his own personal key. Kaye merely turned her head from one side to the other from her sleeping position on the floor when Whisper's heavy boot hit the floor in the entrance way. He stood motionless for a moment, taking in the sight of the nearly naked woman slumbering on her stomach on the carpet. Her black teddy was raised, revealing her buttocks, and Whisper smiled to himself when he saw the familiar tattoo that bared his name. Kaye's legs were still covered from toe to thigh by leather boots, and her hair was mussed as if from some sort of struggle.

She squirmed about ignorantly in a pre-awake stretch as he moved his 300-plus pound bulk of leather, muscle and fat towards her. His chest was as broad as the beer gut that hung over the waistband of his leather pants. His arms were bigger around than Kaye's thighs and covered entirely with tattoos. A leather vest hung loosely from his shoulders, covering his back and a portion of his hair-covered chest and stomach. Nearly the only part of Whisper that was not covered with hair was his head, which was shaved completely bald. A tattoo of a Harley-Davidson eagle decorated his scalp just above his earring-adorned left ear, and a thick, black goatee dotted his chin.

The jingle of the chains that draped Whisper's attire and the vibration of his lumbering footsteps were stirring Kaye from her dreams, but she was still unaware of his presence.

Standing between Kaye's straddled legs, he looked down upon his spread target. He felt the cock that was his pride and joy (next to his Harley, of course) begin to grow into the imposing, solid monster that it was. He dropped to one knee between the legs of its unconscious victim, and slid three ungentle, deliberate fingers into the canal of Kaye's cunt, which was still slick from having intercourse with her husband a few hours earlier.

Kaye raised her head sharply as she awoke with a start. A gasp of horror escaped her, and she reflexively attempted to move away from the unknown object that was invading her body. But Whisper's free hand held fast to her hip, preventing her escape as his trio of fingers worked their way in and out of Kaye's stretched vaginal opening.

"Who you been fuckin'?" Whisper hissed in the notoriously raspy voice that had won him his nickname.

"Wha . . . ?" Kaye responded in sleepy confusion.

"I said, who you been fuckin'? . . . . Your cunt's all slimy, like you been fuckin' somebody."

"Uh . . . . Whisper . . please . . you're hurting me!"

"Say!" demanded Whisper, getting rougher with her now, his fingers twisting from side to side as he crammed them into her body. "Who you been fuckin'?!"

"Joel . . . my husband."

"That little piss-ant!. . . . . Did you make him pay?"

" . . . . . No. . . "

Whisper brought his broad hand down hard across Kaye's buttock, a red hand print forming over the tattoo on her rear. "Why the hell not?!" he growled. "You're my bitch, damnit . . . If he wants to fuck you, he's gotta pay!"

"But, Whisper . . . Joel's my husband!"

"I don't give a shit! . . . . What does it say right here?!" Whisper asked, bringing his hand down hard across her buttock again. "What does this say?!"

" . . . . . Whisper . . " Kaye whimpered.

"That's right . . . Whisper . . . This ass belongs to Whisper . . . and nobody else can touch it unless they pay me for it . . . You got that?!" Whisper emphasized with another slap across Kaye's butt cheek.

"Yes," Kaye sobbed. "But we were arguing last night . . . I had to punish Joel . . . I caught him in the supply closet at the club with two of your bimbos."

"What?! . . . That little pip-squeak's been foolin' with my girls and not payin'?!"

"Yeah . . . . It was Roxy and Desiree . . . . I had to get the paddle after him when we got home last night I was so pissed," Kaye said nodding toward "Jocko" who still lay in the middle of the floor beside her.

Whisper's eyes lit up when he saw the paddle.

"Well, I'll catch up to that little son-of-a-bitch and those two whores later . . . . Right now, it's your turn to pay," Whisper sneered in his windy voice, reaching over and picking up "Jocko."

Kaye's face went crimson when she saw what Whisper was doing, and once again, she attempted to wriggle away. But, Whisper's huge hand held her firm as he brought the paddle down across her bottom with a loud crack. Again and again, Whisper brought down the utensil, and his penis again began to grow as he witnessed the muscles in Kaye's derriere contorting with her fruitless attempts to escape. He covered her ass with the blows, painting the skin on her rump a shade of red similar to that of her face. His cock ached with an erection so stiff, he had to cease the paddling long enough to free his bulging member from the constraint of his tight pants. With his penis free and protruding outward, Whisper wrapped his arm underneath Kaye and pulled her ass high into the air to commence with her whipping. The way he overpowered her so easily as she flailed about wildly heightened his arousal. Tears streaked down her red, hot face as her buttocks quickly warmed again to a matching color.

Whisper's cock throbbed and ached with his desire to take her, but he continued to paddle Kaye to prolong his excitement. "Understand me, Kaye! . . Your sweet ass is mine . . . . inside and out!"

Despite her pain, Kaye shivered with Whisper's words. She dreaded it when he wanted to take her anally. His cock was so large, and he was always so rough, he always ended up hurting her. But she imagined that was what he had meant by "inside and out." He was gonna be sure in his anger at her not to give her any pleasure.

True to Kaye's fears, Whisper ceased the beating and, twisting her legs one over the other, he tugged at her limbs until she jerked and flip-flopped onto her back.

"Now, I'll have you INSIDE," Whisper rasped, looking threateningly into Kaye's eyes.

"Whisper, please! . . . Be gentle," Kaye pleaded, her ass still generating a great amount of heat from the paddle's stings.

"Yeah, right!" Whisper laughed evilly as he reached down to squeeze and grope at Kaye's bright and burning ass cheeks. Running his hands from the sweltering globes down the back of her thighs, he grasped the back of her knees and spread her legs wide. Kaye groaned at the stretch in her crotch when Whisper pulled at her legs to widen them further and lifted her knees toward her head. Having her knees practically bent back even with her shoulders, he plunged into her. "Oh, yes" Kaye moaned lowly when his long monster drilled deep into her internal

cavity. With his member buried in Kaye's juicy depths, he pressed the root of his tool against her dilated nether lips and gyrated about in the socket of her vagina.

"Yes, Whisper, yes!" Kaye groaned with the ecstacy of his penetration.

"No, Kaye, no," Whisper corrected. "You're being punished, remember?"

With that, Whisper pulled his lubricated dong out of Kaye's cunt and lifted her legs a notch higher to elevate her anus. With one swift swoop he gored his monster into her rectum.

Kaye squeezed her lips together tightly as a squeal of pain erupted in her throat. She turned her head to the side as a tear of anguish escaped from the corner of her eye. Whisper was rocking into her, shooting his gargantuan rod at a straight-down angle into her tender rectal orifice. The bent position in which he held her shortened her rear passage, causing it to be all the more painful. "Please, Whisper," she begged. "You're hurting me."

Whisper grunted gruffly with each exaggerated thrust. He was cruel and corrupt with his disciplinary sodomy. Kaye reached down to stroke her own clitoris in an attempt to withstand the misery of it. A flash of titillation shot throughout her being with the contact of her finger with her pleasure switch.

"Stop that!" Whisper growled. "I don't want you to come! . . . . I want you to feel the pain! . . . You're being punished, remember?!"

As he said this, Whisper knocked Kaye's hand away from her imploring slit. A cry of frustration left her lips as the only thing making Whisper's assault bearable was halted. Gritting her teeth against Whisper's painful attack, his pumping quickened with his excitement over her defeat. With his last strokes, Whisper's hips shot crudely forward, the most agonizing reps so far. The only pleasure Kaye got from the whole act, she got from the feel of Whisper's semen exploding within her bowels. The waxing sensation of his ejaculation, the slowing of his jabs, and the shrinking of his tool were heaven to her screaming loins.

Jim Darling admired the roundness of Joel's butt from behind the griddle of his diner. His mouth filled with saliva at the thought of licking Joel's luscious globes. Joel moved about the diner doing his job as restaurant manager oblivious of Jim's fantasies about him. Jim knew he must keep it that way. One of the main reasons he had hired Joel to run Jim's Diner was because he knew there was no chance in hell Joel would be attracted to a member of the same sex. Joel had too much of an eye for women. Thus, there was no danger of a romantic involvement with his business associate.

When Jim had started his restaurant five years ago, he had handled everything himself with the assistance of two waitresses. But thanks to his culinary talents, his business was booming, and as of a year ago, Jim had hired Joel for the posiiton of restaurant manager responsible for ordering supplies, hiring and firing and other details not related to the actual cooking itself. Joel seemed to thoroughly enjoy his job, mainly because of the many women he came into contact with on a daily basis. This secretly made Jim Darling green with jealousy.

Joel walked briskly with a bounce in his step into the kitchen with Jim. The sting Joel still felt in his buttocks from last night's paddling from his wife was invigorating and lit a fire under his gait. The way his trousers rubbed against his raw skin heightened his sense of nakedness underneath his clothing, and he pranced about accordingly. Jim watched with a gleam of passion in his eye. "How are you this morning, Jim?" Joel greeted cheerfully.

"Fiiiine, thanks," drawled Jim. "Good mornin' to you, too, Joe-Joe!"

Joel hated it when Jim called him Joe-Joe, but he ignored it. "Mr. Darling, I'd just like you to check out that fine babe sitting in the corner booth . . . . Now couldn't something like that make a

man like yourself change his mind about his sexual preference?"

Jim flipped the hashbrowns he was busy preparing then peeked around the corner of the open counter at the woman Joel was lusting over. "Well, my my . . . . Ain't she just as fresh as a daisy," Jim commented with a tinge of sarcasm.

"Get a load of the way that red dress clings to those knockers!" Jim persisted.

"Yeah," Jim agreed. "I wonder what kind of sexy dainties she's got on under that red dress. . . . . ."

"Now you're talking!" encouraged Joel.

". . . . And those silky stockings . . . . and those red high heels . . . . "

"Oooooohhh, yeah!" Jim huffed, his eyes widening with desire.

". . . . . That bright red lipstick is really getting me hot . . . . and her hair, so styled and perfumed . . . . . Why, Joel?"

"Why, what, Jim?"

"Why? . . . . . Why are all those sexy accessories limited to only women? . . . . Why do men have to wear jeans and T-shirts . . or suits and ties . . . or at the very most flashy . . a tuxedo?! . . . . . I envy women who can wear all those shiny, soft, provocative garments . . . . . I think I'll go drag when I get home this evening . . . pull my slinkies out of the closet, shave my whole body and perfume myself with femininity . . . . then get out my wig and makeup . . . pull out all the stops . . . . . Then I'll head out to Lino's Lounge and no one will know I'm not a woman . . . . Watch out boys!, cause here comes Jim Darling, AKA Darla James!"

Joel listened to Jim with amusement. "Never mind," he said with a dismissive wave of his hand. "You're hopeless."

Joel walked back out into the table area and noticed the woman with the red dress in the corner booth was watching him. He stood for a moment and made sure all the waitresses had everything under control and then he made his way toward the woman. "How is everything this morning, Ma'am?" he asked politely.

"Lovely," she pronounced with deliberate beauty. "But I noticed there are no more strawberries on the food bar."

"Well, let me get someone to take care of that for you right away."

"Oh, thank you. . . . that would be great."

The woman closely watched Joel's backside as he turned and made his way toward the kitchen. The way he shook his ass with such gumption made the fruit between her legs ripe and juicy. She imagined him shaking the round melons of his ass toward her as he fucked her with his long, strong banana. She could almost feel his figs slamming into her ass as the ripening in her peach began making a noticeable wet patch on the crotch of her panties. She laughed to herself at her overactive sexual "appetite" (no pun intended she laughed again) as a waitress came out with a fresh tub of strawberries and placed them on the food bar. Then she noticed Joel heading toward her with her own personal bowl of plump, red strawberries which he placed on the table before her. "Can I get you anything else, M'am?" he asked with genuine courtesy.

"Well, I hate to put you out . . . " she purred hesitantly.

Joel could smell the bouquet of her perfume swirling up to tempt his nostrils. She stuck out the pointed toe of her pump and inserted it into the leg of his pants. "Not at all!" Joel chirped. "It would be my pleasure," he insisted with an unfaltering stare as she began stroking his hairy, socked calf with the toe of her shoe.

"Well, I would really like some . . . . cream . . . on my berries . . . some sweet cream . . .

whipped . . . "

"Whatever you say, Madam. . . . Just name your desire . . . and consider it my command," Joel confidently returned her flirtation.

Joel did not remove his eyes from hers as he took the bowl of strawberries, walked to the food bar, placed a spoonful of whipped topping on top of them, and returned them to her table.

"Thank you, Darlin'," she crooned as she delicately plucked one of the ruby bulbs from the dish and held it just in front of her matching, puckered, red lips and gave it a soft kiss. The tip of the berry was covered with white cream, and the woman stuck her tongue out from behind her painted lips to lick ever so lovingly at the sweet treat.

"Mmmmmmmm."

Joel's penis began to come alive as, her eyes never leaving his, the woman lapped at the berry with her pink tongue until she had devoured every bit of white. Her eyes now left Joel's and traveled down his body to stop at his fly where the bulge of an obvious semi-erection had formed.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned once again, wetting her full lips with her tongue and popping the entire, fat fruit into her teeth, chewing elegantly. Continuing to watch Joel's stirring crotch, she picked a fresh berry and wrapped it with her sexy lips. Twirling the strawberry about in her mouth, she made an exaggerated presentation out of licking it clean of cream. She proceded to suck the fruit even after all the cream was gone, and soon a prominent bar of muscle could be witnessed pressing out at the fly of Joel's trousers.

Ignorantly, the young waitress that had previously been tending the woman's table approached. "Is everything okay here?" she asked with some concern. Joel quickly took a menu from the rack on the middle of the table and silently turned toward the men's room, carrying the menu in front of him as he went hurriedly away.

"Yes, dear," the woman assured her confused waitress. "Here, I'd like you to have this," she said, kindly, handing the girl a five-dollar bill. ". . . And would you be a lamb and ask that nice gentleman to check back with me when he gets a chance . . . . I'd like to speak with him again before I go."

"Yes, M'am," the girl nodded dubiously when she left the woman's table. The woman laughed again to herself at the comical memory of the restaurant manager covering his hard-on with a menu as he fled to the restroom. She decided to finish her strawberries and cream while she waited for him to return to her.

It was only a short while later when Joel did so. "Did you wish to see me, beautiful lady?" he asked in an inconspicious whisper.

"Yes," confirmed the woman. "You've been great . . . I'd like you to have this," she said, handing Joel a folded ten-dollar bill. Then she stood and retrieved her handbag from the seat beside her. She clutched the purse in front of her long, curvy body, and with a wink, she made a graceful exit from the diner.

Joel looked down at the bill he held in his hand. Bringing it to his face, he could smell her wonderful aroma. He unfolded it, and a small slip of paper fell to the floor. Retrieving it, Joel quickly read the words it said: "If you'd like to sample my peaches-n-cream, my place is located at 5466 Steiger Ave. Be there anytime between 4 and 6 p.m. for a delightful afternoon sundae."

Joel let the hand holding the note drop to his side. His penis was alive again as he gazed at the ceiling deep in thought. His shift was supposed to end at three o'clock, but Kaye would be expecting him to pick her up and take her to work at the dance club. But he had to see that

woman in red again, he just had to. Joel went to the kitchen and picked up the phone. Kaye answered on the fourth ring.

Kaye stood freshly showered in a thick, terry-cloth robe with damp hair in the kitchen of their apartment. "Hello, beautiful," came the charming voice of her husband. "How's my honey-bunch today?"

"What's up, Joel?"

"I just wanted to let you know that I've been thinking about our lovemaking last night all day today."

"Really?"

"Yeah. . . . I even had to go to the bathroom with a woody a little earlier. . . . . I hope it was as good for you as it was for me."

"Of, course."

"Well, listen, sugar-pie. . . . . I'm gonna have to work late this evening . . . . The assistant manager's called in sick . . . . Do you think you can find a ride to the club tonight with a friend or something? . . . . ."

Kaye glanced toward the refrigerator. Whisper stood in the open door with his back to her, a partially filled plate in his hand. The tip of the crack of his ass was visible above the top of his pants as he leaned forward into the appliance. He grabbed a peach from a basket on the rack and crammed it almost completely halfway into his big mouth. Holding it there, he continued to load up his plate with the Dearman's groceries.

"Yes, Joel . . . . I think that can be arranged without too much trouble," Kaye answered.

Chapter 5

Although it was only l0 a.m., Kaye poured herself a stiff one. She liked to feel uninhibited when she went on stage at the club-- it brought her better tips. She had a seat across the table from Whisper and watched as he shoveled food into his mouth. He was such a behemoth, but for some reason this turned her on. The thought of his cumbersome hands stroking her smooth, feminine skin; his hideous face nuzzling her soft, supple breasts; his ghastly male organ tearing into her womanhood. Many a woman must feel this way, for Whisper had his own personal harem. Kaye had worked for him long before she married Joel, and she, like the other strippers at Whisper's Lounge, was considered his personal property. Despite her love for the domineering father-figure that Whisper was, Kaye knew Whisper would never return her devotion. He had too many other interests--the club, his gang of biker buddies, his harem of girls, and of course, his Harley. Any true easy rider would never make a woman his top priority. He could never give her what Joel could--stability, a home, unconditional love, a refrigerator stocked full of food. But, that Whisper was so jealous because she had been screwed by her own husband, gave her some assurance of his esteem for her.

As she watched Whisper eat, her drink began to kick in, and she lost some of her fear of the overbearing brute. "What the fuck are you staring at?!" Whisper growled.

"Your beautiful eyes," Kaye returned without missing a beat.

"Really?" said Whisper, melting a bit.

Whisper's eyes WERE beautiful--a honey-brown color, the iris outlined by a bold line of black, framed by the wreath of his long, thick eyelashes. Like a diamond in a mudhole, Kaye thought. "Yeah, that leather vest you're wearing really brings them out," she said out loud.

Whisper stared back at her, his face lowered over his plate, a drop of milk dribbling down his bearded chin. Whisper loved it when a woman fed his ego. "C'mere," he said, putting his fork on his plate and pushing away from the table. Kaye downed the rest of her drink and did as Whisper directed, going to him and climbing in his lap. "What else do you like about me?" he asked.

"I like your bald head," Kaye said, rubbing the globe between his ears provocatively with gentle fingers and the tips of her long, painted fingernails.

"Oh, yeah? . . . . What else?"

"I like your muscular neck," Kaye continued, lowering her lips to his neck and sprinkling the short, thick limb between his shoulders and head with wet kisses.

"Ummmmmm, what else?"

Kaye parted the vest over Whisper's chest and pushed it down over his arms. "I like your man nipples, surrounded with hair." Kaye proceded to lick the round, brown patches until they drew up into tight little knots.

"Mmmmmmm, go on," Whisper encouraged.

Kaye stood from Whisper's lap and dropped to her knees on the floor before him. She ran her hands over the length of his leather pants, massaging his massive lower limbs. "I like your strong legs."

Whisper's breath was thick, his penis out of room to grow in his tight pants. "What else, Baby . . . What else?"

Kaye went for the buckle of Whisper's belt and unfastened it, unbuttoned his pants and unzipped his fly. She reached in and pulled out the monster that had been struggling to get free. "I love this giant cock," Kaye said, running her tongue over the head and down the shaft. The

monster stiffened into a monumental instrument.

"Oh, yeah," groaned Whisper as Kaye continued bathing the monster with her lips and tongue. "Do you want Daddy to put his cock inside your pussy?"

"Oh . . yes . . Whisper . . " Kaye answered between licks.

"How bad do you want Daddy's cock inside your pussy?"

"I'm . . begging . . you . . . . I . . want . . it . . . BAD! . . . Whisper . . PLEASE!"

Kaye felt Whisper lifting her from her kneeling position. He led her to straddle his lap and she felt the tip of the monster forcing its way into her nakedness underneath her bathrobe. Whisper undid the sash of her robe, and her breasts spilled out. Whisper sucked them hard, the wetness between Kaye's legs increasing.

It was a tight squeeze for the monster since Kaye's lubricant was still accumulating in the inner vault of her vagina. But, Whisper pressed her down forcefully upon him, and soon the monster's head had reached and dipped into the oily treasure. Kaye threw her head back with a gruff groan of pleasure. "Daddy's cock is in your pussy, Baby. . . . . Now ride it."

Kaye straddled Whisper with her long legs and placed her feet on the floor. Bending her knees, she let Whisper's rod sink into her even further. She then straightened her legs and pulled her sheath back over the length of the monster. This brought her juices out, coating her inner walls and the entire span of Whisper's unit. Kaye placed the palms of her hands on Whisper's shoulders and began to bounce on her lithe legs, moving quickly up and down the expanse of his penis. The smell of sex hit Kaye's senses, further charging her titillation, and she started bounding up and down with increasing vigor, her breasts flopping an opposite reaction to her jumping movements.

Whisper sat completely still, happy to allow Kaye to do all the work. He laid his head back against the chair and concentrated on controlling his urge to thrust while watching and enjoying what Kaye was doing to him. "Yeah, Baby, that's it," he coached. "Ride my cock . . . . cram it in your pussy . . . shake those tits in my face!"

"Oh . . Oh . . Ohhhhh . . . Whisper . . . I love you!" she let slip as her orgasm took hold of her senses.

"I know, Baby . . . I know," Whisper groaned, taking her into his arms as her tightening organ brought him to his own climax.

"Daddy, knows. . . . You're my favorite girl, Kaye . . . ." he confided as the ebbs of passion subsided and he held her tight, their resolving glands melting into one sultry muddle of spent flesh. "That's why I don't want you fucking that puny husband of yours unless it's for money . . . . understand?"

"Yes, Whisper. . . . . By the way . . . . . That was Joel that called earlier . . . . he needs to work late this afternoon, and wants to know if I can catch a ride to work. . . . . "

"I'll give you a ride to work, Baby . . . . . But that little bastard won't be coming home to an empty house, I'll tell you that!"

Joel pulled to a stop in front of the residence at 5466 Steiger Ave. He nervously climbed the long flight of wooden steps up through the woodsy front terrace of the impressively-large brick home. Once he reached the front door, he could no longer look back and see the street through the trees. A nervous energy pounded within his body as he reached for the doorbell. A slow, carillon- like melody echoed throughout the acoustical chambers of the foyer hall, and Joel heard the crisp sound of a woman's heels clicking across the marble-tiled floor. He imagined the woman a lonely housewife, whose big-bread-winning husband was away on one of his many

business trips. But he intended not to ask--his purpose here did not require such information.

Closer came the clicking, and then the door opened. The woman in red was still the woman in red, only now she wore a long, red-satin night gown. Red lace lined the deep V-neck and the high slit up her right leg. As she stood in the doorway, she bent the leg slightly forward to part the slit with her shapely limb. The satin of the gown draped over her flowing body, the soft material lightly embracing the equally soft skin beneath. Joel let his eyes travel down the length of her--her styled and perfumed hair, the red lips that matched her attire, her nipples partially visible through the netting of the red lace.

His eyes continued digesting the provocative view--over the flare of her hips where they crescented into the strong waves of her thighs and calves; down to her ankles and pedicured feet adorned with red, feather sandals. A sheer, nylon robe hung like a red mist around her entire ensemble, finishing the effect with a magical flavor.

Joel's longing came to life at the sight of her. She was like a peaceful, pretty red package just begging to be unwrapped in an impatient fury. But, he would control his hasty impulses. A woman like this was to be made love to slowly and carefully in order to see every expression, smell every scent, hear every breath, feel every tremor, taste every bite.

Joel stepped into the doorway without waiting for permission, and she closed the door behind him. Standing immediately before her, he lightly brushed her cheek with the backs of his fingers and marveled at how her face deepened with color. She was hungry for it--she was his.

He stood closer to her now, so that they were touching, and stroked the hair back from her face with his hand. He lowered his face slowly toward hers, feeling her hot breath against his lips. Gently, he rubbed his mouth against hers and lightly wet her lips with his tongue. She frantically threw her arms around his neck and attached her mouth to his with tremendous suction. Joel returned her passionate kiss, but carefully pulled away. "Do we have much time?" he asked.

"My husband's plane won't be in for hours," she answered.

"Then let's take it . . nice . . and . . slow," Joel directed, kissing her affectionately on the face and neck.

"Oooookay," she murmured, beginning to tremble with the challenge of pacing her raging passion.

Joel assisted in calming her with light carresses of her arms and back, but his procrastination also added pressure and volatility to her internal fire. He kissed her lingeringly, a soft, wet kiss that seemed to last for days. She arched her throat backwards, and her mouth opened with heavy breath. Joel left her mouth and traveled to her neck where he inhaled the fragrance from the enclosed tent of her hair while swabbing the soft skin there with the sponge of his lips and tongue. Having exhausted the field of her neck, Joel moved lower to the freshness of her chest and breasts. He divided the opening of her gown, and the sheer fell to the floor. Taking a spaghetti-strap between his teeth, he savored her quickened breath as he trailed down her shoulder and arm. The breast on that side was unveiled, and Joel cupped the heaving dome carefully from underneath. He lifted the breast to his lips and suckled respectfully at its nectar, as the woman's breathing became loudly audible, and she flailed into a near frenzy of passion once again.

"Sssshhhhh," Joel whispered soothingly, tracing the tip of his tongue across her chest to lower her other shoulder strap and drag the silky fabric across her jutting nipple. He latched onto the exposed knob, absorbing the tenor of her warm skin as he sucked it.

The woman lunged into Joel, grinding her hips into him. Passion had taken control of her body, and she was no longer in control of her actions. Joel knew this as he continued to play the erogenous keys of her ecstacy. He lowered his hands to the gown which had gathered around her waist, pushed it over her hips and felt the wind against him as it slithered down her legs to bunch around her feet.

"Ooooh, please," the woman whispered ruefully at the feel of her exposure. Joel lowered his face to kiss and nip at the velvety skin of her stomach and navel. On his knees, now, he pushed his nose into the perfumed crack of the woman's pubic nest. He stuck out his tongue for a single, quick flick across her clitoris.

"Uuuuhh," the woman breathed violently inward, reaching down to grab firm handfuls of Joel's hair. Her building fire had been partially released by Joel's experimental lick, and she shook from head to toe with leaking fervor. Joel stood enough to place his hands behind her back and thighs, lowering her before she fell into a helpless heap. He laid her sweltering body across the coolness of the marble floor.

"Uuuuhhhh," she inhaled again when her sultry skin tingled with the contact of the cold floor. But she continued to writhe about with intense need while Joel drug his tongue down the length of her torso and parted her legs.

The vermilion flower of her nether lips lay inches from his face, and Joel reveled in its beauty. He pulled the pink petals apart with gentle fingers until the stamen poked out from behind them, and he loved the tiny stem with his tongue.

"Oh . . . God!" the woman groaned as she thrust her hips upward in involuntary spasms. Joel's tongue rode her bucking bud with expert meticulousness, and within seconds, the woman lurched into a seething climax.

"Oh . . GOD! . . . Take me, Lover . . . . Please . . . take me," she screamed, loudly, her cries reverberating throughout the chamberous entrance.

Joel lifted his head from her pleased pie and muttered three words: "Where's . . the bedroom?"

"Upstairs," she gasped, nearly in tears with wanting. Joel stood and lifted her nude body from the floor. The warmth from her roused skin had radiated a blazing spot of stickiness underneath her. She wrapped her arms around Joel's neck as he carried her up the steps. At the top of the stairs, she motioned to the correct door, and he carried her inside. There he laid her ignited body on the huge, thickly trimmed bed and began removing his own clothes as she watched with heightening interest.

The thick patch of black chest hair was visible to her as soon as Joel loosened his tie and the patch seemed to grow larger and thicker as he unbuttoned and removed his shirt. His dark, mighty penis sprang out as soon as he released his fly, and her eyes traveled down the length of his corded, hairy legs while he lowered his pants.

She imagined the feel of his warm, hard, hairiness covering her body, enveloped between the extreme suppleness of her inner thighs, pressing into her fleshy core, piercing her depths to become as one with her internally.

Joel had finished undressing and now mounted her, looking deeply into her eyes with an unfamiliar adoration as he pushed his member into her ready channel. He stroked the hair back from her face and tenderly bathed her with his kisses as he moved inside her. He made love to her with the careful, gentle rhythm that he had perfected so as not to injure the fragile female

flower. Joel's slow, but steady and intense thrusts drove the woman to the brink of ecstacy and held her there, on the threshold of pleasure oblivion. It felt as though she was constantly coming, and she whimpered with emotional and sensual defeat, floating away from reality on the orgasmic clouds of her elation.

Joel, despite his attempted discipline, quickened his driving hips with the approach of his orgasm. This pushed the woman to the edge and over, and she dug her nails into Joel's back, screaming out loud to confirm her own presence as she fell back, back and back into a black hole of bliss somewhere in another galaxy. . . .

Joel held her close when the screaming was gone. He thought that he was in love with the woman in red. "Ummmmm, that was fantastic," the woman mumbled into his chest hair.

"MMMMMmmmmmm . . SOME peaches and cream," Joel agreed, pulling delicately at the soft strands of her tell-tale tangle of hair.

"When can I see you again, Lover?"

"You know where I work," Joel answered, kissing her lovingly on the forehead. "Come by anytime."

Chapter 6

Darla James stood six-foot-three in her four-inch heels. She ambled into Lino's Lounge with more grace than any woman. She took a seat at the bar next to two men in business suits kissing each other on the mouth. Heads turned from all directions to check Darla out, an obvious drag queen. Darla rolled her eyes. This was no challenge--picking up a gay man. She decided to walk on down to Harp's Dance Club in search of some straight meat.

As she entered Harp's, Darla felt wonderful vibes. The beat of the music shook to her gut, and she melted into the crowd of beautiful women without a trace of maleness. She clutched her little silver handbag and, ever so daintily, perched herself on a high stool at a table near the rear. Her sequined slip dress glittered as it caught the rapidly converting lights from the dance floor.

It wasn't long before Darla was approached by a slightly tipsy disco king in search of some action. "What's a beau'ful lady like you doin' back . . here in the corner all . . . alone?" he slurred loudly above the pounding beat.

"Would you care to join me, handsome?" Darla offered in a voice low, but naturally feminine.

The disco king stood taller with his easy, good fortune. "Why sure!" he accepted, and waved down a waitress. "I'll have a Tom Collins, and the lady will have a . . . . ."

". . . . Pink Elephant . . . " Darla finished.

"A Tom Collins and a . . . Pink . . Elephant?" the waitress repeated.

"That's correct," Darla beamed. Oh, how Darla loved being female!

A short time later the waitress returned with their drinks. She placed the golden whiskey mixture before the disco king and an obnoxious pink concoction with a tall, fruit garnish in a vase-like glass in front of Darla.

Darla pursed her lips and sat up to the table like an excited child with a milkshake. "Yummy!" she exclaimed, wrapping her painted lips around the straw in a purposefully-seductive pucker.

The disco king studied Darla's deceivingly-innocent features and let his eyes drop to travel down the seemingly-infinite length of her smooth legs. What a perfect dame, he thought--all soft, smooth and in need of some lessons in love.

"Would you like to dance, lovely lady?" asked the disco king.

"Boy, would I!" Darla replied.

"By the way, my name's Tim. . . . . What's yours?"

"Darla."

"Pleased . . . to meet you, De-light-ful . . Dar-la," stammered the disco king as he led Darla to the dance floor.

There Darla was queen. All eyes were on her and her inadequate partner as they burned up the dance floor. Darla swayed her tantalizing body with the moves of a well-tipped stripper while Tim stiffly jerked and pivoted nearby. Darla felt a hand brush her rump and turned to wink over her shoulder at the man with the wandering hand. Darla was having the time of her life. Not one person in the place suspected she was a he.

When the song ended, the disco king took Darla's hand and led him back to their table. There they finished their drinks, and Darla began to feel some feminine urges--like getting the disco king's dick in his mouth. "Oh, my . . . . I do be-lieve . . I'm feeling a little . . . diz-zy from all . . . this excitement," he faked, fanning himself with his napkin.

Tim jumped from his seat and supported Darla from behind. "Would you like me to order some coffee for you . . . or something?"

Darla giggled a little-girl laugh. "I don't drink coffee . . . I prefer cappucino. . . . "

"I don't know if they serve . . . that . . . here. . . . "

"I have a machine at my place . . . . Would you mind driving me there?"

Man, this chick is either really stupid . . or really hot, thought the disco king. "Sure," he answered immediately.

Tim led Darla out of the club and to his bright red Corvette in the parking lot. Nearly the entire disco king's salary went for the payments of his egotistical sports car--chicks dug it. "Oh, what a cute car!" Darla commented as Tim opened the passenger side door and assisted Darla's long body into the low, tilted seat. Tim got in on the other side, cranked the rumbling beast and turned on the exorbitant stereo system. The disco beat shook the vehicle the entire short distance to Darla's apartment.

Once inside Darla's characteristically feminine home, Darla instructed Tim to have a seat. "I'll just put on the cappucino and slip into something more comfortable," he purred. The disco king sunk into Darla's couch and began thinking out a scheme to seduce pristine little Darla. He planned to ask if she still felt dizzy and suggest that she lie down on the couch until she was sure she was feeling better. Then he would sit on the edge of the couch beside her and gently massage her queasy stomach, slowly moving his hands to her breasts. "It's okay," he would assure her if she objected. "Tim's gonna make you feel all better," he would whisper as he lowered his face to her lips for a sweet kiss. Then his hand would travel back down her body and up her dress, slipping inside her panties. If he could just get his fingers to her slit and work that clit, her legs would open for him and she would begin to moan with pleasure. She would be putty in his hand after that, and once he got that pussy all lubed up, he'd pull off his clothes, crawl on top of her, stick his astonishing cock inside her and fuck her like she'd never been fucked before. Then he would leave--leave Darla always wanting for more of his superb lovemaking; because the disco king couldn't be tied down to just one woman. No, Sir--Tim Brown needed to spread his marvelous talents around to all the ladies in need of his amazing lovin'.

Tim noticed with puzzlement the man's tennis shoes peeking from behind a plant in the corner. His confusion vanished, however, when Darla reentered the room wearing a sleek, white nightgown with a slit up the length of his long leg; slinky, high- heeled house slippers; and a bright-yellow, feather boa. When Darla pulled out all the stops, he pulled out ALL the stops.

Tim stood from the sofa and was speechless as Darla approached with a Tom Collins in one hand and some sort of foo-foo drink in the other. He handed Tim his drink and sipped his ladylike while he watched Tim guzzle most of his. Darla then set the drinks on coasters on the coffee table and stood face to face with Tim. "I . . . I . . . thought . . you . . weren't feeling . . . good," Tim stuttered.

"I'm feeling much better now, thanks," Darla crooned as he began unfastening the buttons of Tim's shirt. Darla had to tilt his head downward to kiss Tim on the mouth. His red lipstick smeared all over Tim's face before, finally, Tim realized what was happening and returned Darla's kiss. Darla passionately frenched Tim's mouth then moved down to lick his neck and chest, continuing to unbutton his shirt as he went.

Tim stood quivering in his boots as he watched the femme fatale drag her red lips down his nearly-hairless chest and stomach all the way to his belt buckle. Re-situating himself on his knees, Darla proceded to unfasten Tim's pants while Tim watched his unbelievably-fabulous luck in absolute shock. "Would you like me to suck your cock?" Darla asked as he pulled the partially-hard organ through Tim's fly.

"Uh-huh!" Tim nodded exuberantly, his face flushed.

"Good," purred Darla. "Cuz . . . I'd really like to suck . . your cock."

With that, Darla put Tim's entire organ in his mouth. He bobbed and sucked at it until it was nicely rigid. Tim was glad he had had a few drinks, otherwise he would have blown his wad right away. Instead he threw his head back, squeezed his eyes shut tight and attempted with all his might to hold back.

Darla next pulled Tim's balls out and kneaded them as he voraciously licked and sucked Tim's rod. It was too much for Tim to bear--this was by far the best blowjob he had ever had. He felt the pre-cum oozing from the tip of his penis and his testicles tightening in preparation to shoot a powerful load into Darla's hungry mouth.

When Tim was right on the brink of spilling his goods, Darla stopped. "Do you like that, Tim?" he asked.

"Uh-huh," Tim nodded.

Darla slipped Tim's penis into his mouth and worked it quickly back to boiling point once more. Then, again, he stopped. Tim moaned in ecstatic frustration.

"I've got something I have to tell you, Tim," Darla confessed.

"Wwwwwhat?" Tim croaked, his voice nearly gone.

"I'm a man," Darla said, quickly sticking Tim's penis back in his mouth.

Tim cleared his throat. "Huh?" he mumured in his stimulated stupor. But the wonderful sensation of Darla sucking his dick threw him back into a solid daze of delight. There was no turning back now as Tim began to reluctantly thrust his cock into the proficient pleasure tool of Darla James' mouth. Darla licked at the foamy cum as it pulsed from Tim's unit, sparking his own dick to dance against the slick fabric of his gown.

Tim's penis wilted like a balloon spilling its air when the last drops of his defiant semen were lapped up by Darla's tongue. Tim looked down at his dwindling dick and jumped back in horror when he noticed Darla's free hand pumping ferociously at the male organ protruding from underneath his elegant negligee. Tim zipped his pants as he ran toward the door in bewilderment. Darla smiled in satisfaction as sperm bubbled up and out of the tip of his penis just as Tim threw open the door and ran from the apartment with red lipstick smeared all over his face.

Kaye could smell the scent of fresh sex from her earlier coupling with Whisper rising from her genitals as she took the stage. She had purposefully not showered afterward, opting to enjoy the aroma of coitus with the man she loved for as long as possible. That, and a few more drinks, and she felt right to face the night.

She thought of the ride to the club on the back of Whisper's Harley as the music began to play. She moved with an exceptional agility tonight as she went through her strip routine. The memory of Whisper's powerful cycle thundering between her legs gave her a feeling of titillation, and she consequently danced with extraordinary skill.

She remembered clinging to Whisper's broad back as the chopper roared beneath her. She could understand why Whisper had such a passion for his bike. He had never had a woman beneath him that was as responsive as his scooter, he liked to say. Ride to live, live to ride, he always said.

Joel watched Kaye's performance from his usual table near the back of the club. He noticed with interest the red whelps across Kaye's buttocks and upper thighs. How did those get there, he wondered. He had wondered the same thing about the bruises on Desiree's upper arms. He had

come straight to the club from the woman in red's house and arrived on the tail-end of Desiree's act. He noticed the black and blue marks on her arms between her elbows and shoulders–as if someone had been gripping them and violently shaking her. Her lower lip looked a little puffy also, but he couldn't be sure from the lights and makeup.

He lifted his near-empty glass toward Roxy as she made her rounds close to his table. Roxy gave a curiously-elusive nod, and as she turned her head, Joel noticed she had a nasty shiner. Who the hell's been slapping around these girls?!, he pondered.

He met Kaye outside her dressing room when she had finished her act. They drove home in strained silence. "Goddamnit!" Joel cursed when he found a motorcycle parked in his parking space when they arrived at the apartment.

He unlocked the front door and held it open for Kaye. Walking in directly behind his wife, he was surprised to hear snoring coming from somewhere inside the darkened apartment. "What th' hell?!"

His heart leaped as he turned on a lamp. On the couch Whisper was stirring, awakened by the light. "There you are you little panty waste!" Whisper growled.

Joel stood petrified with fear as Whisper rose from the sofa and approached him. Whisper grabbed Joel's shirt collar and threw him against the wall. "Wh. . . Wh . . Whisper . . . . Wh . . Wh . . . What are you . . doin' here?" Joel stammered.

"You fuckin' little prick! . . . You're not supposed to fuck my women without payin' me for it!" Whisper seethed, pinning Joel against the wall with his bulk, his angry face right at Joel's.

"Your women? . . . . Wh . . Whisper . . Kaye's my wife!"

"I don't give a shit! . . . . . My name's tattooed on her ass . . she works for me . . . . that makes her MY bitch!"

"You . . . . You're . . insane!"

"I'll take it out of your HIDE, you little pussy!" Whisper boomed, jerking Joel up by his shirt and throwing him again up against the wall.

"You . . you . . think you're so tough, beating up on women!" Joel said in brave respect to the weaker sex.

"Why you!"

Whisper yanked Joel up by his collar and slung him across the room. He landed in a heap over the stereo system, knocking the Dearman CD collection crashing to the floor. Whisper came for him again, this time literally ripping the shirt from Joel's body as he threw him over the coffee table and into the sofa. Whisper went again to Joel and grabbed him up this time by the hair. Blood ran from Joel's nose and the corner of his mouth.

"Okay . . . . Okay . . . !" Joel panted, defeated. He reached for his wallet, and Whisper released him as he dug through his bills. Joel pulled out a ten and offered it. Whisper plucked the bill from Joel's fingers and eyed it in amusement.

"Give me a break!" he roared, grabbing Joel by the throat. "What about Desiree . . and Roxy?!"

"O-kay. . !" Joel squawked, re-lifting his wallet. This time Joel pulled out a fifty.

"That's more like it," Whisper said matter-of-factly as he took the money. "I'll see ya'll around . . . . . Take it easy, Kaye." he said pleasantly as he backed out of the apartment. Joel heard the deep-throated rumble of Whisper's hog as it started and drove away.

Joel stood in dismay and turned to his wife who had positioned herself quietly-motionless in a

far corner of the room. "That . . . That man's absolutely insane!" Joel commented. "We . . We . . don't have to put up with that! . . . . I'm calling the police!"

Kaye remained in the corner, not responding. Joel turned his bare back to her to dial the telephone. That's when she saw them-- the fresh claw marks on Joel's back . . claw marks from animal lovemaking with another woman!

"NOOOOOO!" she screamed, jumping astride Joel's turned back. Joel dropped the telephone.

"Kaye!? . . . What the hell's gotten into you . . . get off me!" Joel fell to the floor as he attempted to pry Kaye from his body.

"NOOOOOO! . . NOOOOO!" Kaye kept screaming as she wrestled with her husband back and forth across the room. The two fell into the entertainment center, knocking the TV, VCR and dozens of video tapes to the floor. The scuffle continued as Joel attempted to reason with his wife. Finally, he managed to get on top of Kaye, straddling her and pinning her arms back to the floor. "What's gotten into you woman?! . . . . We need to call the law on that man . . . he can't bully us into ruling our lives . . . don't you understand?!" The blood from Joel's bleeding lip dripped down onto Kaye's face.

"Get off me, you bastard! . . . I hate you . . . Understand? . . . I HATE YOU!" she spat, tears of anger welling up in her eyes.

Just then the front door burst open and a blue-uniformed cop stepped inside. "Did someone from this address dial 9-l-l ?" the cop asked, gazing around the trashed apartment and at the bloodied face of a woman with a man pinning her to the floor.

"Yeah . . I . ." Joel began.

". . . . Officer, HELP!" screamed Kaye. "My husband's beating me again! . . Please help me!"

The cop rushed to Joel and tugged him from Kaye's body. Again this night, Joel was thrown against the wall as the cop pulled his arms behind his back and slapped on a pair of handcuffs. "Officer . . . wait. . . there's been a misunderstanding!" Joel objected.

"I caught you red-handed, boy . . . Now shut up!" the officer shouted.

"But . . but . . "

The cop retrieved the radio from his belt harness and spoke into it. "Yeah, I need back up at Coronet Apartments, Number 1909- A . . . I have an arrest for domestic violence in progress . . . . "

Chapter 7

Reah's contractions started early on the morning of Mother's Day. She phoned her mother to come pick up the baby, and then she phoned her midwife. The midwife said to check back when the contractions became stronger and closer together. Reah, being an expert by now at childbirth, decided to take a stroll up and down the sidewalk in front of her house to hurry things along. Her water had not broken yet, so she figured she still had a while.

Cameron walked with her as she went over a mental checklist. "Your baby brother or sister will be here soon," she told her young son. "When Mommy goes into the bedroom, she may scream some, okay? . . . But don't worry . . It just hurts a little, and that's normal . . . It doesn't mean that anything's wrong . . . . Everything will be fine as soon as the baby's out of my body . . Okay?"

Her little boy nodded his fractional understanding.

She would wait to put the plastic liner on the mattress since Stone was still asleep. He had not gotten in until early that morning, and Reah knew he would be an impossible bear if she woke him up this soon after he went to bed. She was glad, however, that her labor had waited until now to start. Since Stone had laid out all night, if it had started then, she would not have known where to find him. This made her exceptionally angry since Stone was the one who insisted she didn't need health insurance and could just have the baby at home. The least he could do was be there for her . . . . But, she didn't have time to worry about that right now.

An hour later, her labor was stronger and the sun was hotter. Wiping the sweat from her brow, Reah could feel the penis-like opening at the end of her cervix stretching, centimeter by painful centimeter. She went inside the house and turned on the window unit and the television. She phoned her midwife and told her, "I think I'm about six centimeters dilated now."

"If you're still up walking around, I doubt that you're that far along . . . But, I'll get ready and be there soon."

Reah fixed Cameron some French toast and grits for his breakfast then she stretched out on her sofa and watched soap operas. Cameron sat quietly at her feet. The mid-wife arrived within the hour, knocked on the door and entered without waiting to be let in. As she entered the room, she noticed that Reah's breathing was heavy and her skin was pasty and covered with sweat. Other than that, Reah showed no signs of being in pain.

The midwife sat on the couch next to Reah's legs and pulled out her stethoscope. She pulled up Reah's gown, under which she wore nothing, and placed the cold, metal head of the instrument on Reah's abdomen. "The baby's heartbeat is strong and regular," she reassured as she listened. Next she timed the contractions. They were coming strong and two minutes apart.

"I need to check your dilation, Reah . . . Can your son go play in his room or something?"

"Cameron, go play, okay, honey? . . . . Mommy's gonna be busy for a while."

The boy skipped back to his room without any disagreement.

"Okay, Reah . . . You remember the procedure . . . Place the soles of your feet together and drop your knees."

Reah did as instructed, and the midwife inserted two fingers into her vagina to find the opening of her cervix.

"Well, I'll be damned . . . You ARE six centimeters dilated . . . . This baby's gonna come fast, maybe because you're still stretched from having such a big one twelve months ago . . . "

Reah shuddered to remember. The worst part had been not the labor, but the actual birth itself. Russ had been a huge baby, three weeks late and weighing almost ten pounds when he

was born. She remembered the violence of the pushing--the pushing her body did against her will, the midwife screaming at her not to fight it. "Push, Push!," she ordered. Reah had no choice but to help her body expel the infant--the infant that was tearing her in half, ripping her vagina as the head squeezed through. Reah screamed in agony. No medication for pain was administered; no scalpel to spare her vulval orifice during parturition; no stitches to repair her shredded ligaments. It was natural childbirth all the way-- fierce and barbaric. . . .

". . . Have you prepared the birthing bed?" the midwife was asking.

"No."

"NO?! . . Why not?!"

"My husband's sleeping there."

This was part of Reah's reason. But, mainly, she was dreading the torment of the final stage of birth.

"We need to get prepared, Reah! . . Your baby's coming!"

The midwife flew down the hall and into Reah's bedroom. "Mr. Michaels! . . . . Mr. Michaels, wake up! . . . . The baby's coming . . . . We need the bed. Could you please get up?!"

Stone rolled over groggily. The midwife turned her head when she caught a surprise glimpse of his erect organ. Stone stretched on the bed, uninhibited at showing off his massive gland to the irritating woman who had disturbed his sleep. "Reah!" he yelled. "Reah! . . . Get me some coffee!"

Reah began pushing her bloated and suffering body from the couch. The midwife ran down the hall to stop her. "Reah! . . . Stop! . . . You need to rest between contractions . . . Save your strength for giving birth!"

She grabbed Reah by the shoulders and pressed her back down onto the couch. "Your husband will just have to get his own coffee this morning!"

"Reah! . . . Goddamnit, woman . . . I said, GET ME SOME COFFEE!" Stone screamed down the hall.

Reah reflexively flinched in response to Stone's command underneath the midwife's pinning brace. "Please, Reah . . Lie still," she insisted.

"Mr. Michaels, your wife is in the last stage of labor! . . She cannot wait on you right now! . . You'll just have to get your own coffee! . . . . And get your ass the hell out of that bed, we need it!"

Stone's groans could be heard coming from the bedroom. Then, to the midwife's relief, his heavy footsteps were heard on the floor. She shielded her eyes with her hand as he paraded down the hallway completely naked, his morning wood still standing straight up. He marched into the kitchen and began noisily fumbling about. "Reah?! . . Where the fuck are the coffee grounds?!"

Reah attempted to sit up, but a serious contraction hit her. She fell immediately back to the couch, clutching at her hard, distended stomach. "Breathe, honey," coached the midwife. "Remember how I told you to breathe. . . In, two, three. . Out, two three . . . . That's right . . . In, two, three . . Out, two three. . . . "

Stone stomped through the den and back down the hall, this time showing his bare ass. He turned into the bathroom, not closing the door behind him, and stood in front of the toilet. "Where is the plastic liner for your mattress?" the midwife asked Reah, gently.

"In . . . the bedroom. . . closet . . ." Reah answered in a tortured voice of pain.

"Try to lie still, okay? . . . and remember to breathe." the midwife directed as she stood up from the couch and grabbed her pack.

Reah nodded.

The midwife walked down the hall to the bedroom. As she walked past the bathroom, Stone was still standing in front of the toilet, holding his penis in his hand. He leaned over with his free arm resting on the wall behind the commode while he waited rather impatiently for his tense sex tool to work as a urination device. "C'mon, C'mon!" he cursed at his organ. Finally the midwife heard the tinkling sound of Stone's pee hitting the water. "Ahhhhhhh!" he growled in loud relief.

She shifted the disarray in Reah's closet until she came across the mattress pad. She shook her head in disgust at the clutter in Reah's room while she removed the sheet on the mattress, tucked the elastic corners of the mattress cover around the bed, and returned the original sheet on top. Then she went down the hall to Reah and assisted her to the bed.

Stone had gone into his study and closed the door. "Lie back and let me check your dilation again," she told Reah.

"You're close to ten centimeters," she announced with her fingers inserted inside Reah's birth canal. "I'm going to break your water now, because it's almost time for you to push."

"Oh-No," Reah whispered out loud, tears of dread forming in her eyes and rolling out the sides, onto her temples and into her hair.

"You can do it, honey!" the midwife ensured. "You HAVE to!"

The midwife opened her pack and retrieved a long, wooden tongue depressor which she inserted into Reah and punctured the amniotic sack. A gush of fluid warmed Reah's inner thighs and washed out nine month's worth of bloody uterine build-up as it came. The sheet beneath her resembled a murder scene as it was soaked with the blood. The midwife saw the baby's head begin to crown.

She rushed from the room and down the hall to Stone's study. She opened the door and saw him sitting at his desk looking through his coin collection. "If you want to see the birth of your child, you'll come with me IMMEDIATELY!"

The midwife left and returned to Reah. Stone stood from his desk and followed reluctantly. Reckon I might as well not miss the freak show, he reasoned. When he entered the room, the midwife was behind Reah on the bed pushing her shoulders up to shorten the birth channel. "Push, Reah, push!" she screamed. Reah's face was red with her determination. She poured everything she had into forcing the baby out.

Stone saw the baby's head stretching through the opening. He flung himself on the foot of the bed between Reah's splayed legs. Grabbing her calves just below her knees he pushed her legs up and back, again shortening the birth channel. The baby's head came through further. "Yeah, Reah . . That's it . . . Push! . . Push, baby push!"

Reah's strength lifted with the bond she felt from her husband's involvement in the birth of their child. She didn't realize that his excitement was stemmed from a sick perversion on his part. Stone eyes fixed on the bloody, gaping expanse of Reah's pussy. "Yeah, baby, push!" he repeated, becoming aroused by the mis-shapeness of her genitals. The graphic goriness of her agony turned him on. He got off on watching the most sensitive area of her body being severely split and painfully spread. An erection formed in his loins as another contraction pushed the head further into the canal and extended Reah's pussy lips to the widest point yet. "Yeah, that's it . . . That's it!" he prodded, hoping for the climax of her ripping perineal skin.

"C'mon Reah, you're doing great," the midwife coaxed. "One more push and the baby will be

out!"

Reah gritted her teeth and bared down with all her might. The baby's head popped out with a burst and the rest of the baby slid out easily right onto the bed. The midwife quickly lowered Reah and lifted the baby from the puddle of amniotic fluid and blood in which it lay. Stone looked in shock at the hideous, slimy little bundle of flesh as it squirmed in the midwife's hands. She lifted it by one arm and one leg on the right side of its body. Stone thought the newborn resembled an alien as she twisted the child to start its breathing. "Whaaaaaaaa!" the baby wailed, opening its huge, round mouth. Then Stone noticed an opening at the other end. It was a girl! . . . . With a tiny, hairless pussy! Stone wondered if he could fit a finger inside that tiny opening--there was no way his cock would fit in there. His huge dick was almost as large as the little girl herself.

"Congratulations, Reah! . . . . You've got a beautiful, healthy little girl!" announced the midwife, handing the baby to her mother. Reah's tears of pain turned to tears of total elation.

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, sobbing.

"This baby is so much smaller than your last one, she slid out without any tearing, Reah! . . . . Would you like to cut the umbilical cord, Mr. Michaels?"

Stone shrugged his indifference as the midwife fastened a clamp across the cord and handed him the scissors. Might as well cut this ugly, blue vein since I didn't get to see Reah's pussy rip, he thought to himself in disappointment. Blood spewed from the severed hose, and the doctor gently tugged at it to pull the remaining placenta out of Reah's body. She then took the baby from Reah's arms and laid it across a scale she had set up on Reah's dresser. "This is a petite one for you, Reah . . . . She weighs only seven and a half pounds. . . . Reah, honey, I need you to try to walk to the bathroom now. . . . . change into a clean gown and put on a kotex napkin while I change your bed sheets." She handed Reah a towel from her pack to hold between her legs on the way to the bathroom.

"I'd like to move to the den near the air conditioner, if I could," Reah suggested.

"Sure, dear," said the midwife. She took another towel from her pack and swabbed the baby of excess amniotic fluid. The baby was still coated with a sticky layer of cheesy coating, however. "You'll want to bathe the baby later, Reah, after you've had a chance to rest for a little while." She then retrieved a clean towel and wrapped the dried baby in it. "Would you like to hold your daughter, Mr. Michaels?"

Stone looked from side to side as if to make sure no one was watching. The he stretched his arms toward the infant. The midwife handed her to him, and he studied her face. She opened her wide toothless mouth. I can think of something to stick in that mouth, Stone thought.

The midwife went again to Reah's closet and got out a clean sheet. She then went to the den and draped the sheet over the sofa. Reah and Stone followed behind, and Reah laid down, exhausted. "Cam-er-on," she called, her voice weak.

The little boy came bounding down the hall. "What, Mommy?"

"Say hello to your new sister."

The little boy's eyes filled with amazement. Reah patted the sheet beside her, "Come, sit, and you can hold her for a minute."

Cameron did, and Stone handed him the newborn. The air conditioner hummed a comfortable temperature into the room. Reah felt a relaxed calm settle over her as her new family shared this moment of connecting. She felt drowsy, and her eyes began to close.

"My baby . . ." Reah murmured. "Give me my baby . . . my baby girl." Stone took the infant from Cameron and placed it cradled in Reah's arms. Reah laid back on the cool sheet and dozed with her baby girl in her arms . . . her baby GIRL!

Chapter 8

An X-rated movie played on the television in the hotel room, but Joel was not watching. He laid flat on his back on the bed, staring at the ceiling. He had spent the previous night in jail and most of the day in a smelly, crowded court room waiting for a judge to post his bail. The judge posted his bail at $l00 and set a court date for six weeks on charges of domestic battery. Joel reviewed his options. He knew if he couldn't figure out a way to get Kaye to drop these ridiculous charges, basically, he was fucked. That damn bitch wife of his was just as crazy as Whisper-- they belonged together. But, they had him by the balls, and there wasn't much he could do at this point other than play by their rules.

He pulled out his wallet and thumbed through it. After Whisper, the judge and the hotel attendant had taken all his money, Joel barely had any left. That bitch, Kaye, had him so far in debt, nearly every penny he earned was already spent. He had already phoned Jim Darling and made an excuse for not coming in today, but he would have to go home tomorrow. He would be out of money and need a change of clothes before going to the diner. He hoped he hadn't missed the woman in red by not being at work today.

He decided to walk down to the corner convenience store for a newspaper and a bite to eat. Hot-lanta seemed to really be hopping this evening he noticed as he walked down a strip dense with adult entertainment. A bronze girl in a tight, button-up shirt tied in a knot just below her prominent bosom stopped Joel in his tracks. "Wanna get high and screw?" she asked Joel, holding up a joint.

Joel's eyes traveled from her extremely long, jet-black hair to her firm, round tits, down to the tight, short, shorts with a fat, unveiled zipper from the tip of her slit to the basin of her navel. A large, gold ring at the top of the zipper begged him to pull it. Her young, tanned legs needed no adornment, but were prolonged by a pair of tall shoes.

Joel gently took the joint from her fingers and inserted it into the gap between her globular breasts. "No, thanks," he said. "I don't do drugs."

"Wanna screw?" she persisted.

"How much?"

"Fifty bucks."

Joel's eyes once again scrolled the lovely, young lady. He was down to his last fifty dollars, but if he needed anything right now, he needed the love of a woman.

"Okay . . . follow me," he said, turning back toward his hotel room.

Inside the room, Joel handed her the money. The girl immediately stuffed the money and the joint that was between her breasts into her purse, threw the purse on the floor and began unbuttoning her shirt. "Wait," Joel insisted, taking her hands in his. He looked the pretty, young thing right in her huge, black eyes. "This may take a little longer than you're used to, but it'll be worth it for you, okay?"

The girls eyes softened, mesmerized by Joel's kind tone of voice. He lowered his face to her temple. She smelled so clean and wonderful, he was sure he was her first trick of the night. He lightly brushed her cheek and ear with his lips, blowing his soft breath on her as he went lower to her neck. Little cries of confusion curdled in the girl's throat. Joel moved his lips to hers and attempted to kiss her, but she turned her head away.

Joel continued, unfaltered. He let his lips sink to her chest where his fingers slowly unbuttoned her blouse. The circular globes of her boobs popped out, high and firm, seeming to defy gravity as they floated just below his lips. Her brown nipples were large and hardening

already from the delicate caresses Joel's lips gave her chest. Joel stood back and admired her gorgeous rack, having not yet touched the merchandise. "God, you're beautiful," he commented. The girl began to quiver. She was not used to being made love to. When a man paid, he usually expected the "Wam-Bam-Thank-You-Ma'am" package.

Joel lifted his hands and cupped them beneath her breasts. He gently weighed and raised each, amazed by their heaviness and density. Then he lightly squeezed the one in his right hand, causing the nipple to stand out. He lowered his mouth over it, and a low moan escaped from the girl's heaving lungs. He sucked softly on it, then moved to the other, aware from her quickened breath and faint cries that he was giving the girl extreme pleasure. This awareness caused his cock to come alive. He wanted to bring her to orgasm, possibly her first ever, he sensed, judging from her lacking knowledge of her own body's abilities. There could be no greater joy than seeing the expression on her face when she screamed in ecstacy.

Joel moved his hands down her ribs and down to her tiny waist. Her middle was so thin, he could nearly wrap his long fingers all the way around her. He felt her petiteness and wondered how a fragile belle like her could ever be tough enough to survive on the streets.

His hands at last found the waistband of her shorts and he pulled slowly but surely at the ring on the zipper. A thick patch of black fur peeked over the edge of the parted zipper, and Joel ran his hand lovingly down her back and into the loosened pants. He grabbed a handful of her heart-shaped posterior and pulled her buns slightly apart. Her face was nuzzled in his neck as he did this, and he brought his hands up again to lower her blouse from her shoulders, down her arms, off her body. Then his hand dropped to her abdomen, and he let his fingers wander down past the V-point of her released zipper. Just as he suspected, when his fingers found the inner folds of her pussy, she was so hot--so hot and wet, she was dripping.

The girl gasped with his delicious touch and threw her arms up around his neck, holding on tightly to prevent her legs from collapsing beneath her. Joel's fingers continued to explore, slipping into her slick tunnel and bringing out some of that youthful dew to coat her slit and clitty. Then he took his hands from her crotch and pushed her shorts over her rump and down, down her long, slender legs. He stood back to carefully check his work so far. The girl stood motionless, although he could tell she'd prefer to be rolling around on her back like a bitch in heat. She stepped out of her shorts and was now completely naked, save those ridiculously-high heels.

"My God, you're beautiful!" Joel said again, as he began removing his own clothes. Once Joel was nude, he lifted the girl in his arms, then sat down with her in his lap on the edge of the bed. He adored the feel of her warm, smooth skin against his hard, hairy body. He could feel a very hot patch of moisture on his upper thigh where her wet pussy pressed against him. His rigid rod was pinned between them, crushed against his abdomen by her broad hip. He ran his hands down the timeless path of her legs and slipped the shoes from her feet. Then he embraced her in his arms and cradled her tenderly. He hoped some of his deep caring for her would rub off as he rocked her there--rub off and give her the luck she would need to survive in the cruel world of inner-city Atlanta.

He stroked her hair and the side of her face. He turned her face to him and brought his lips to hers. Again, the girl turned her head from his kiss. Unwavered by the girl's spurning, Joel let his lips drop to her breasts, giving her nipples a new coat of his saliva, and revving the girl's love engines once more. Turning to the side, he lowered her onto her back, her rump and cunt parallel with the edge of the bed. He held her legs up as he positioned himself on the floor with his head

between her thighs. Gently he pushed her knees apart, and lowered his face to her juicy nest of black hair. She smelled so fresh, Joel again confirmed that he was her first for this evening. He blew gently on the pink labes that peeked out from the hairy lips and glistened with desire. He watched as the girl turned her head to the side, opening her mouth with the release of awakened breath. Slowly, his mouth fell over her, taking her vulva into his mouth and cleaning them of their juice. He parted her pussy with his tongue and licked the button that contained her release.

"OOOOH! . . . GOD! . . " the girl screamed abruptly. Her body shook violently, but his tongue stuck with her bucking nub. Her thighs closed tightly on his ears, but Joel kept slurping away. He tilted his eyes to her face and watched as the throbbing of her coming claimed her body. Her luscious tits rose and fell sharply with her orgasmic breathing, and feminine shrieks of euphoria arose with each breath. Joel's cock pounded with the splendor of her climax.

At last, the girl's body was released from the spasm. She fell lax against the bed, but Joel kept licking her pussy. His tongue traveled down her crack and into the hole of her cunt. He devoured her sweet cum until she raised her hips in arousal once again. He then returned to her clit and sucked her to another orgasm.

Unable to contain himself any longer, Joel pushed the girl toward the top of the bed and then mounted her. His aching cock slid easily into her slippery tunnel. He began churning. He slowly and carefully churned her slick, clear cum into a thick, creamy froth. His hairy belly brushed across her clitoris with each movement, and soon, the girl's moans were shrill with the approach of her third climax. He accelerated his thrusts as her inner walls tightened around his driving shaft. She was so tight inside, that he could barely squeeze the head of his penis past her constricting muscles. His motions became rough, and he panted gruffly with each lunge of his hips. He forced himself in and out of her tight crevice. "Oh! . . . Shit! . . Baby!" he growled as the semen spurted into her. She reached for him and pulled him into her, wrapping her legs around his flexing buttocks. "Yes . . Oh . . Yes!" she cried as her convulsion possessed both of them.

They lay as one for several minutes, shrouded in a blanket of absolute bliss. Joel lifted his weary head and kissed away the tears that were running from the corners of her eyes. She looked up at him and smiled sweetly with those big, brown, innocent eyes of hers.

He rolled off of her finally, went to the bathroom and threw her a towel. She wiped her oozing genitals, got up from the bed and began dressing. Joel sat back down on the bed and revered her as she did. She stepped back into her heels and moved to the mirror to check her appearance. She grabbed her purse from the floor, and he ached to hold her all night as she pulled a brush through the long, shiny strands of her gorgeous, dark hair. Giving her smeared makeup the spit-bath treatment, she returned the hairbrush to her purse. Slowly, she brought Joel's fifty-dollar bill out and looked at it, thoughtfully. She turned to him and held out the money. "I . . . can't . . keep . . this," she offered.

"No . . Please . . . keep it . . . " Joel insisted. "You need it more than I do."

The girl put the money back in her purse and smiled. She moved toward Joel on the bed and lowered her face to his. Then she kissed him. She kissed him on the mouth--a long, wet, exquisite, French kiss. "Thank you. . . . " she whispered on his lips. " . . . for a screw that I'll never forget."

"You're welcome," Joel returned. "You were wonderful . . . . Remember that always . . . . You're wonderful."

The girl smiled timidly, and turned toward the door. She blew Joel a kiss as she walked out--and then she was gone. Like a fleeting daydream, she was gone.

Joel thought often of the doe-eyed prostitute over the next few weeks. He also thought of the woman in red and watched for her daily at the diner. She never came. He had asked Kaye for a divorce, and she had refused, saying she would testify against him in court if he attempted to file for divorce. So he continued to live with Kaye as a roommate, but there was nothing more. There was definitely no fucking going on lest Whisper would expect him to pay for it.

For some reason, the woman that stood before him on this day sparked his interest. She was not particularly attractive, but Joel picked up on the subtleties of her femininity that made her appealing. The way her wispy hair cascaded over her long, supple neck; her thin wrists; her delicate, kissable lips that held a rosy hue even without makeup. Her large, green, cow eyes reminded him without a doubt of his dark, young hooker; and her smoldering fire definitely reminded him of the woman in red.

Yes, this damsel positively harbored a smoking ember that if he could kindle just slightly could be brought into a wanton blaze.

". . . And have you ever worked as a waitress before?" Joel asked her.

"No, Sir . . . "

". . . Please . . . Call me Joel."

". . Joel . . . I worked as a secretary before my second child was born . . . That was about a year and a half ago . . . Now I have a third child . . a newborn baby girl--three weeks old . . . I really want just a part-time job close to my home . . . to get me out of the house . . and for some extra money . . for my new baby. . I don't think it would be hard to learn to wait tables . . would it?"

"You seem like an intelligent woman . . . I think we could use you around here . . . " Joel's cock did a little leap in his pants for what reason he couldn't be sure. " . . Can you start next week, say on . . Monday . . uh . . Ms. . . ?"

". . . Michaels . . . Reah Michaels . . . Please . . Call me Reah."

"Okay, Reah . . . We open mighty early . . . can you be here by 6:30 Monday morning? . . . . . Say, work the breakfast and lunch shift?"

"That would be perfect . . . that way my husband can keep our children in the mornings."

Joel's heart sank only a little when she mentioned a husband. He looked deeply into the emerald pools of her eyes, searching for that forgotten ember. "Great . . Come with me and I'll introduce you to Jim, the owner of Jim's Diner."

He led Reah into the kitchen. She caught herself admiring the orbs of his butt cheeks as she walked behind him. What was she thinking, she reprimanded herself--she was a married woman!

"Jim, this is Reah . . . She's gonna start waitressing for us in the mornings next week," Joel informed. "Reah . . Jim Darling."

"RE-AH! . . . . Hey Girrrrrl! . . . So niiiice to make your acquaintance!" Jim drawled, extending a limp wrist to shake Reah's hand.

Reah smiled--almost laughed. She liked Jim already--he seemed like such a nice guy--even if he was kind of . . different.

"Reah . . do you think you could get in and have my coffee ready for me when I get here in the morning?" Jim teased.

"He's kidding, Reah," Joel said. "Jim stop teasing Reah . . she won't show up for even her first day of work! . . . What's gotten into you, anyway? , . . Did you get lucky last night or

something?"

"You know it, Joe-Joe!"

Reah laughed. She was going to like it here.

Joel walked her to the door. "We'll see you Monday . . Reah," he said, once again looking into those eyes that spoke a million words.

"Okay . . Joel . . "

"Bye, Dear."

With those terms, Joel winked at her. A simple wink and a term of endearment that stirred up a complicated assortment of buried and confusing emotions deep within Reah's soul.

She practically skipped on air out to the car where her father waited for her in the parking lot. "Did you get the job?" her father asked.

"Yes, yes, yes! . . Now step on it . . Time's a wasting!"

Reah felt a new importance to her life, and now she had so much she had to do. She needed to go on a diet; she needed to schedule an appointment with her opthamologist to fit her with contacts; she needed to see a cosmetologist to do something with this hair . . . .

Chapter 9

By the time Monday arrived, Reah had shed seven pounds, gotten contact lenses, trimmed her mousy-brown hair and dyed it back to her usual preference of pale, creamy blonde. When Stone had seen her platinum hair he said nothing, but instead laughed an evil, mocking laugh, "HA! . . HA! . . HA!" as if to say to Reah that her attempts at beauty were a ridiculous, futile waste of time.

Her twenty-eighth birthday passed over the weekend, and she celebrated by having a quiet dinner with her folks. Stone had not been there--not even recognized that it was her birthday. Reah considered herself silly for even beginning to think he might, for once, remember or care. He hadn't given her a card or even a kiss of acknowledgement for any occasion (Valentine's Day, Mother's Day, Christmas) in over ten years.

But the birth of her daughter somehow changed Reah. She wanted more for her little girl than she had for herself. She felt such a tremendous love for that child that she couldn't bear to see her grow up with no respect for her mother--a mother who was weak and stood for the mistreatment of a man.

So, she had decided to get a job. And now the attention of Joel had changed her even more. She awoke early Monday morning, unable to sleep from the excitement she felt about starting her new job. Getting out of bed, she left Stone alone to snore away. She moved around the house as quietly as possible, not wanting to wake the babies. Applying eyeshadow, rouge and lip gloss for the first time in years, was odd but not difficult. Managing to squeeze into a pair of her pre-pregnancy blue jeans, she put a large T-shirt on over them to hide the roll of fat that spilled over the waistband. I still have some work to do on this body, she thought. Pulling her new, golden locks back into a high ponytail, she checked herself in the mirror. What she saw made her smile. While certainly no beauty queen, even in her own critical eyes, she was pleasantly attractive. Her face was no longer bloated with retained fluid and excess weight, and it was perfectly lovely--the large, green eyes prominent against the porcelain smoothness of her light complexion.

Reah glanced at her watch and noticed it was getting close to time to go. Walking into the bedroom, she informed Stone that she was leaving. "Where the hell do you think you're going?!" he boomed.

"Stone, I told you last week that I start a new job today."

Stone rolled over in bed, his morning rod its usual erect self. He examined Reah critically. "I thought you were going to work as a waitress," he sneered.

"I am."

"Why does a waitress need all that paint on her face . . . who you trying to look good for?!"

For ME, Stone . . . I have more confidence if I feel attractive."

"Oh, that's such a crock of shit . . . You look like a cheap whore!"

From down the hall, Reah heard the baby start to cry. She went to her, lifted her from her crib and brought her into the bedroom. "Stone, I have to be going now. You'll have to tend to the baby," she said, calmly, as she laid the wailing infant beside Stone on the bed.

"What?!"

"There are bottles in the fridge . . You'll need to warm one in the microwave . . . Not too hot--just barely warm . . . . My mother will be here later this morning to pick up the kids so you can go to work . . . "

"What?!"

"They're your kids, too, Stone. . . . It's not gonna hurt you to help take care of them some!"

That said, Reah walked out of the bedroom, down the hall and out of the house. She got into her new car and drove away.

Her father had bought her the used car for her birthday since Stone had run his car into the ground delivering pizzas and was now doing the same to Reah's, leaving her trapped with no reliable transportation. She had gone with her father to help pick out the car, and had been flattered that her new image was working when the car salesman asked her out and gave her his card. "I'm sorry, I can't, I'm married," she had refused politely, keeping the card anyway.

Stone raised up and looked at the screaming baby lying beside him on the bed. He rolled over, putting his back to the baby girl and crushed a pillow over his ears to drown out her cries. Stone fell unconscious, leaving the poor, hungry baby to cry herself back to sleep.

Joel's cock did its little leap again when he saw Reah walk in the door that morning. This time, the reason was clear. Damn, she was looking good! He went to her and led her to the kitchen, where he gave her "an official Jim's Diner apron," as he put it. This day being Reah's first, she and Joel waited all the tables together so she could get the hang of things. They got along famously, having too much fun to call it work.

When the breakfast rush was over, Jim Darling removed his apron and hung it up. "Joe-Joe, I have a dentist's appointment, this morning. . . . I'll be out for a little while . . . Hold down the fort for me, will ya?"

"Sure, Jim . . . You have fun at your dental appointment, now."

"Oh, I will . . My dentist is one fine hunk of beef cake!"

Stone pulled into the parking lot outside Jim's Diner. He had to see what kind of men Reah was working with. Something had gotten into his wife--she was acting strange, like she'd suddenly grown a backbone or something.

As he started toward the diner, Jim Darling came through the front doors. Stone attempted to hide his face from his male lover, but it was too late. Jim had already seen him. "Hiiiii, Stone!" Jim greeted loudly. "How's Petey?!"

Stone merely touched the bill of his hat in response to Jim's embarassing question.

"Gotta go . . . " replied Jim. "I'm late for the dentist . . . We'll do pizza again sometime real soon. . . Okay, Stone? . . . See ya!"

Stone stood numbly at the entrance of the restaurant and watched Jim get in his car and drive away. Did Reah know? he wondered. His guilty conscience sent him into a full-blown panic attack of paranoia. Is this why Reah was acting so strangely? Did she know about his affair with Jim Darling?!

He couldn't face her! He ran back to his car and stood clutching it for support, gasping for air. He vomited. How could he go on if people knew . . if SHE knew?

Stone got in his car and drove away quickly.

Joel and Reah laughed after Jim as he left the restaurant. "That Jim sure is a mess, ain't he!" Reah observed.

"Yeah . . . . Jim's a good guy," Joel commented. "He's queer as a two- dollar bill, but he's good people."

Joel put the other two waitresses in charge of taking care of the slowing crowd--one on griddle and the other on the floor. "I want to go over some things with Reah in the stock room," he explained.

Reah felt a cold rush of electricity run up her arm and jolt every nerve in her body when Joel

took her by the hand. He led her down the hall into a stock room near the very back of the building. She wondered if Joel knew how much she wanted him to kiss her as he shut the door behind them. A strange, wet readiness formed between her legs when he turned and, finally, once again, looked into her with his all-knowing eyes.

Playfully flirtatious, as they'd been with each other all morning, Joel smiled at her. He was only about an inch taller than her, she noticed; but, then again, she was five-ten. "Well, will you or won't you--Yes or no?" Joel said, teasing.

"Will I or won't I, what?" Reah laughed.

"C'mon. . . Yes or no . . . Will you or won't you?!"

"Yes or no, what, Joel?!"

Joel gripped Reah's upper arms, and the next thing she knew, he was standing right against her, his warm breath on her ear, her breasts mashed against his chest. Being so close to him, she felt a burning passion for him and found it difficult to keep her hands off of him. Then his tongue was in her ear. It felt so good, him licking her ear with his soft, wet tongue, that she couldn't move away from him. She knew she should move away, but she was arrested, braced against his wonderful, flickering tongue. After a few moments forever frozen in time, he stepped back and looked inquisitively into her eyes. He had the most beautiful eyes she'd ever seen.

"Aren't you gonna slap me?" he asked.

Reah was petrified. She looked back into his eyes in a stupor, and the adoring look she gave him was his signal to proceed. In a heat flash he was back at her ear again, this time whispering softly:

"I'm gonna sneak into your house tonight. Starting at the bottom of the bed, I'm gonna work my way up under the covers and slide my tongue up your legs. I'll part your thighs and run my hands over the smooth skin there. Then I'll kiss and taste the flesh that surrounds your pussy. I want to taste your pussy, Reah. I want to suck your juices dry and then stick my tongue into your cunt to get some more. I'll lick your tasty labes and part them to get my lips around your clit, slowly but surely driving you to the brink of ecstacy. Then I'll start all over again. I'll love giving you a tongue bath from toe to head and making love to you. And it'll be making love--not screwing. I'll slide on top of you and, gently but intensely force my cock between your legs, stretching your cunt over it. It'll be a delicious, mind- splitting, stretching pain in your pussy as I slowly but surely move my cock in and out, making you come over and over. I'll wear you out and enjoy every second of every minute of it."

Reah felt his dick grow hard against her as he talked his dirty talk. Then again, was it so dirty? She was dumbfounded. Joel had found that smoldering ember and blown directly on it. There was no way in hell she could refuse an offer like this, and she was beginning to wonder what kind of incomprehensible pleasures she'd been missing out on for the twelve years she'd been married to Stone. She looked into his eyes, but remained speechless. Her silence was drowned out, however, by the scream of longing coming from her soul. She kissed him on the mouth--frantically, hungrily.

A knock on the door caused them to jump apart. "Joel, I need some help out here!" the cooking waitress demanded as she burst through the door, shooting Reah a jealous glance. Reah nervously tidied her hair, and squeezed her thighs together to hold in some of the wetness that was pouring from her cunt.

"We WILL finish this discussion later, Reah." Joel assured. "You can take your morning break now, if you want," he offered as he left the room.

Reah ran straight to the bathroom to try drying her panties and wiping away the leakage with toilet paper.

Reah finished her day with Joel at her side, the passionate friction between them becoming more and more intense. Her body felt a curious tingling sensation whenever Joel was near, as if her skin was literally reaching out in an attempt to make contact with him. Oh, how she wanted him! She wanted to be in his arms again, kissing him, her cunt oozing wet, his cock a concrete pole against her. Funny how perfectly we're made for each other, she thought. Me all soft, slick, hollow and . . hot; and him all stiff, protruding, insertable . . and hot. It gave her goosebumps just to think about it--the heat.

Reah's female instincts picked up right away on the jealous looks the other waitresses were giving her throughout the day as she worked so closely with Joel. When the lunch rush was over, and it was time for Reah to be going home for the day, Joel asked to speak with her alone in the stock room again. Once they were behind the closed door, Joel wasted no time in taking Reah in his arms and kissing her with an appetite that had built all day. When their lips finally parted, Reah took the opportunity to say, "Joel, we need to talk."

"What is it, dear?"

"The other waitresses don't like me."

"Why wouldn't they like you?"

"They're jealous."

"Jealous? . . . Jealous of what?"

"Of YOU . . . They've got the hots for you!"

"The hots for ME?! . . . No way!"

"Yes, way!"

"Of ME? . . . . . I'm not anything special."

"I think you are. . . ." Reah said, suddenly serious.

Joel searched her eyes as if checking for truth, then kissed her again.

Reah broke from him. "Anyway, Joel, I think we should cool it around here. . . . before they get us in trouble . . . . I'm a married woman."

"And I'm a married man," Joel confessed.

Reah lost her air when he said this. "Oh," she muttered, her face dropping.

Joel placed a finger beneath her chin, raising it. "I don't love my wife," he confided.

Now Reah searched HIS eyes as if checking for the truth. "Well, I'm . . all . . confused . . . and scared . . . I need to think . . . . I guess I'll be going . . . . I'll see you tomorrow?"

"Oh, yeah."

And he kissed her goodbye.

When Reah pulled into the driveway that afternoon, she was disappointed to see Stone's car at home. She wondered briefly why she stayed married to the man when she felt so terrible at the thought of being near him. When she walked in the front door, he was glaring at her from the couch--a peculiar, absent look in his eyes. Reah looked at him, critically, and realized she felt no compassion for him. She felt nothing for this madman.

"Reah, we need to talk!" he barked.

"Stone, I don't have time right now . . . . I just want to change out of these jeans. Then I need to go get the kids."

Stone rose from the sofa and grabbed her tightly by the arm. "Just what in the hell do you call this?!"

"What?!"

"This!"

Stone was shoving a card in her face, as if trying to cut her with it. She took it and looked at it. It was a business card for Charlie's Used Cars. On the back of the card were the hand-scribbled words: `Clark 536-8208.'

"That's just the name and phone number of the salesman that sold me my car, Stone!"

"You slut! . . You're fucking him, aren't you!"

"NO!"

"Then why do you have his card?!"

"Maybe so I can call him if I have any problems with my car!"

"I'll divorce your sorry ass and take those kids from you, so help me, Reah, if you're cheating on me!"

"Stone, I'm not cheating on you!"

"Prove it!"

"Prove it? . . Prove it how?!"

"Call this . . Clark . . dude up and . . talk to him. I'll be listening on the other line."

Reah hesitated. She was afraid the salesguy would remember her as the woman he had asked out. If Stone knew . . .

Stone sensed her reluctance. "Well?!" he pushed.

"Fine!" Reah snapped, reaching for the phone, praying the guy wouldn't remember her.

Stone rushed down the hall and picked up on the extension. "Charlie's Used Cars," came the voice on the other end.

"May I speak to Clark, please?" Reah asked.

"Speaking."

"Clark, Hi!"

"Hi!"

"Know who this is?"

". . . . No . . . "

"Oh, C'mon. . . Think about it."

". . . I'm sorry. I have no idea."

". . . If you guess my name, I'll buy you dinner."

"Oh, really?! . . . Ummm . . What're your initials?"

Reah looked down the hall and saw Stone standing in the doorway looking at her. He was nodding his head `yes' for her to tell him.

"My initials are R.M."

"Ummm. . . is it Rhonda?"

"No."

"Rita?"

"No."

"Ummmm . . . do you have any kids?"

Reah saw Stone nodding `yes.'

"Yes. . . I have three kids."

"I'm sorry . . . I have no idea."

Stone hung up on his extension and told Reah to do the same.

"Are you happy now?" Reah asked, hanging up.

"No. I'm sure you two have some kind of code word or something worked out so he'll pretend not to know you if you say it."

"Stone! You're being ridiculous! . . . What have you done that you're so guilty about that you're trying to catch me in something?!"

"Oh, I've been with dozens of other women since we've been married. . . Most of them on my route . . But, once, when you went out of town with your parents, I even called your friend LeAnne over and fucked her!"

"I'm glad you're coming clean on all this, but I have nothing to confess!"

"Well, I don't want you working at that diner anymore . . . If you keep working there and acting the way you've been acting . . . we're getting a divorce!"

"Good, Stone . . . . `Cause that's what I want . . . a DIVORCE!"

Chapter l0

Reah packed her things and went to her parent's house. Her parents were glad to have her. They were ecstatic about Reah finally taking steps to leave Stone. She told her mother that she would be staying until her divorce went through and she got Stone out of her house. She would let him have the $20,000 he had in savings from hoarding his money and not supporting his family. He could have that, his coin collection and their measly furniture; but by golly, she wanted that house--and child support--three children's worth!

She grabbed one of her fathers' beers from the fridge and guzzled it down to calm her nerves. Feeling much better when the alcohol numbed her brain, she quickly drank down another one and started on a third. Tipsy, she decided to try Joel at the diner. As usual these days, he was working a double shift. "Hi, Joel!" she greeted merrily when he answered the phone.

"Reah?"

"Guess where I'm at, Joel!"

"Where, Dear?"

"At my parent's house."

"Why are you there?"

"I left my husband . . . I told him I want a divorce!"

"Really?!"

"Yeah! . . . . . Joel?"

"What, Dear?"

"Have I told you how much I fuckin' love you?!"

"Reah, have you been drinking?"

"Yeah! That's the only way I'd have the courage to say how much I fuckin' love you."

"Could it be, Reah, that we've fuckin' fallen in love with each other?!"

"I think so."

"Reah, listen. . . . I don't want to tell you what to do about your husband . . . . But, I really, really wish . . and this is selfish of me to say . . . But, I really, really wish . . you'd go through with the divorce."

"Joel, I've been married to an asshole for twelve years . . . I should have done this a long time ago. . . . But, what about you? . . What about your wife?"

"I'm married to a bitch . . I want a divorce, too. . . . . Honey, I need to go . . . I'll see you tomorrow . . . . I love you!"

"I love you, too!"

As soon as Reah hung up the phone, it rang. She answered it.

"Reah, baby, I'm sorry . . . Please come home!" Stone begged.

Reah slammed down the phone. It again began to ring.

"Don't answer that!" Reah shouted to her parents. "It's Stone!"

A short while later there was a knock at the front door. Reah had a good idea that it was Stone, so she sent her six-foot-six father to answer it. "Tell him I don't wanna see him!"

Her father confronted Stone at the door. "Reah says she don't wanna see you, boy . . Now you just go on away from here! . . And don't come back!"

Reah sunk into a chair while her mother happily attended to the babies. She sipped her beer and dialed her pal LeighAnne to fill her in on the latest developments in her recently turbulent life.

* * * *

LeAnne and her husband drove past Stone's and Reah's house on the way to their jobs the following morning. "I'm so glad Reah finally decided to leave that sorry-ass, son-of-a-bitch, Stone," LeAnne commented as they drove by. "Can you believe what that lying asshole told her?! . . He told her that he fucked me once while she was out of town . . . Isn't that the craziest thing you've ever heard . . . like I would touch that piece of shit . . . I mean, Reah was laughing when she told me what he said, she knew it was such a lie . . . She thinks, and I agree, that he's trying to get her so mad at him that she'll confess to something, so he'll have something on her. . . . . But, she's got nothing to confess . . . In all the years of their crappy marriage, Reah has never been unfaithful to Stone! . . . . "

LeAnne's husband finally heard what she was saying. "Ya mean, that sorry bastard's goin' `round sayin' he's fucked you?!"

"Yeah . . . Can you believe he'd say something so ridiculous!"

Her husband slammed on the brakes and the car screamed to a stop, causing a near accident in the rush-hour traffic.

"What are you doing?!" LeAnne shouted.

"Nobody goes `round sayin' shit like that `bout MY wife!"

He bounced the vehicle onto a side road, turned it around and roared back toward Stone's house.

"Honey?! . . . What do you think you're doing?! . . . This man's insane . . . You can't take what he says seriously . . . He may even be dangerous . . . You'd better not mess with him!"

"Nobody goes `round sayin' they fucked MY wife!"

"He just said it to Reah! . . . I'm sure he hasn't said it to anybody else . . . Nobody'd believe that crazy idiot, anyway! . . . Please! . . Honey! . . ."

By now they were pulling into the driveway behind Stone's car. LeAnne's husband ran to the door and banged on it loudly. There was no answer. . . . He banged again, impatiently.

Finally, Stone appeared at the door. He had obviously been sleeping, his hair a mess, his eyes puffy.

"Where th' hell you get off goin' roun' sayin' you been fuckin' my wife?!" LeAnne's husband snarled.

"Wha . . What?!"

"Say, motha fucker! . . Just where th' hell do you get off?!"

"Good one, Reah . . . I know that's you!"

"What's your problem, buddy?! . . . You fuckin' blind or somethin'?!"

"You've been hypnotising me for years now, Reah . . . I know that's you and you've hypnotised me into believing you're LeAnne's angry husband!"

"Motha fucker, when I beat the crap out of you, you'll know who I am!"

"Go ahead . . . I know you're not real . . . You're just a hallucination!"

LeAnne's husband spit at Stone's feet. "You're in serious need of some help, man! . . . But, I don't care how fucked up you are. . . You quit goin' roun' sayin' you fucked MY wife!"

"You're the one that needs help, Reah!" Stone yelled after the husband as he stomped back to his car. "You need to stop hypnotising people and trying to control their minds!"

Reah felt like a teenager that morning when she arrived at Jim's Diner. The giddiness she felt over seeing Joel gave her body renewed purpose and energy. Her skin glowed with the restored gleam of physical awareness.

Keeping their hands off each other was sheer torture as Reah and Joel worked the breakfast rush. Her need for him was urgent as evidenced by the wet crotch of her panties. They stole knowing looks into each other's eyes throughout the morning, but besides that, there was no contact between them.

Once Joel approached Reah with a bouquet of Roses, a worried wrinkle in his brow. "These arrived for you," he murmured, handing them to her.

Reah took them and read the card: `I'm sorry . . Let's work it out . . . I love you . . . Stone.'

She took the large vase, and with both hands slam-dunked the flowers into the trash bin. "That bastard hasn't given me anything in ten years! . . It's too little, too late now!"

Joel smiled inwardly and let out a deep sigh of relief.

When the breakfast crowd had thinned, Joel sent the other two waitresses to restock the food bar in preparation for lunch. He took this chance to sneak into the back room with Reah. He kissed her, greedily. In a desperate whisper he declared, "I can't stand this, anymore, Reah! . . . I have to have you! . . . I'm gonna think of some reason to tell Jim we're knocking off early . . . . I want you to leave now and go to the corner convenience store . . . I'll meet you there in a few minutes.

Reah did as Joel had directed, the other two waitresses noting her early departure with envy. Joel informed Jim that Reah had gone home because her baby was sick, and that he needed to be going, also, since he had some errands he needed to run. "Sure Joe-Joe . . . " Jim said. "We'll be alright without you . . . Hey! . . . . iF yoU C Kaye . . . . . tell her I said HI!"

"Very funny, Darling . . . Very funny!"

Within ten minutes of Reah's exit, Joel met her where she waited at the corner store. Their suspicious retreat had not gone unnoticed, however, by the two resentful waitresses who were left alone to face the lunch rush.

Reah locked her car at the store and climbed into Joel's truck. He kissed her ravenously before he pulled onto the highway and started driving toward the mountains. A freak cold front had moved through the area causing the high temperature for this mid- June day to be only seventy-nine degrees. That and unusually low humidity made it so one could actually feel the shadow of a tree and sit in it comfortably without breaking a sweat. The blueness of the sky was un-shrouded from the customary haze of mugginess, the sun's light was bright but not brutal, and the friendly, white clouds did not threaten rain.

"Today is too beautiful to be inside that restaurant all day," Reah observed as they drove up a curly road that twisted through its boundaries of lush, green forest.

"I know . . . . But, that's not why I had to leave," Joel returned, giving her a serious glance from the corner of his eye. Reah smiled her understanding and placed her hand on his thigh. She slowly, steadily moved her hand up his leg until her fingers brushed the life in his crotch. By the time Joel pulled into the drive of the mountain-top park, Reah was frantically kneading and groping at the hard bar of cock bulging in his pants. Little beads of perspiration broke out on Joel's forehead, despite the comfortable temperature.

He pulled to a stop and reached for her. She moved next to him and they embraced, kissing. "Let's walk down to the stream," Joel suggested, pulling back.

They got out of the truck, and Joel raised the seat and pulled a folded picnic blanket out from

behind it. Reah followed him as he led her down a narrow trail into the woods. He reached behind and took her hand as the trail became thinner. They reached the loveliness of a clear, mountain stream. The water sparkled and danced as it bubbled over and around the jagged rocks that hindered its descent. Joel then turned, leaving the path, and the followed the creek downstream. When they came to a clearing where the water dropped steeply from it's tracks, tumbling into a foamy little waterfall, Joel spread the blanket on the ground. The couple sat down on the blanket, and Reah commented, "This place is really pretty. . . How'd you know about it?"

"I come here a lot . . . alone . . . when I want to think . . . . . I've been coming here a lot . . lately."

He looked at her with those beautiful eyes that pulled her to him, and they were soon bound together in a fierce lip lock. Joel ran his hands up her shirt and into her bra. He toyed with her long, jutting nipple, his fingers probing in and out of the cup. Then he put his other hand up her shirt to assist the first with unfastening the bra. Once unhooked, Joel lifted her shirt, bra and all, over her head.

Reah felt so exposed and vulnerable, her top portion completely unclothed in the great vastness of the forest. The air was even cooler on the mountaintop than it had been in the valley, and she felt as if her skin were being caressed by the heavy hands of the air itself. Her nipples protruded into long, pointed peaks, begging for Joel to suckle them. "I love you, Reah . . . " Joel whispered frantically at her lips. ". . . God, I love you!"

There was no doubt in Reah's mind that he did just that as she reached down and began unbuttoning his shirt. He lowered his mouth to those begging nipples, the tracing of his tongue across them making it very hard for her to release his buttons. The surprise of his thick chest hair made it worth the trouble, however, when she finally did get his shirt open. She groaned as she plunged her face diving into the plot of black bristlies, kissing the hidden flesh underneath, tasting his masculine fragrance with her tongue. She let her mouth travel lower, until she was nuzzling in the hair surrounding his navel. Her hands fought with his belt buckle and unzipped his pants, his cock springing out at the commotion in the fresh, mountain air.

Reah sat up, when she felt Joel's hands sawing the crack of her pussy through the thick fabric of her jeans. She suddenly realized how inexperienced she felt at this. After all, she was still a married woman. Things were heating up so quickly and were so out of control, but she didn't want to commit adultery before her divorce was official. Intercourse was out, but she figured there were other things she could do to please Joel. "Do you want me to give you a blowjob?" she asked.

"Will you let me eat you?" he answered.

"No," she said, posthaste, but without emphasis. She did not feel ready for such an intimate act. To let a man put his mouth on her there, her most private area was . . frightening. She lowered her mouth to Joel's penis and ran her tongue across its head. It stretched toward her like a flower to sunlight, and she licked it again.

Ignoring his own need, Joel pleaded with her. "C'mon, Reah . . I want to taste your pussy . . . Please let me . . . It will feel so good, I promise . . I love you . . . I wanna make you come. . . and beg for more . . "

Reah's face flushed, but she did not fight him when he went for the waistband of her pants, unfastened them and slid them down her endless legs. The crisp air enclosed around her and smarted on the hot wetness of her genitals when Joel laid her back on the blanket and opened her

thighs. He slowly made his way to her core, kissing the white milk of her inner thighs as he went. Her clit stood up and reached for his mouth, like a flower to sunlight. Her heart pounded in her chest, and her pointing nipples rode up and down on her intense breathing. She felt a delicious tickle as her pubic hairs were swept by Joel's breathy kisses, and a high pitched squeak of anxiety slipped through her lips. She quivered and quaked inside as Joel lowered his lips to her nether ones. Moving his head quickly from side to side, he parted the folds of her pussy and completely immersed his face in her slit.

She smelled strong, unprepared, as he slurped at her juices, just the way he liked it. Nothing aroused him more that a woman's natural odor. He put his tongue inside when her pussy began to gape and close wanting to grab on to something. She immediately felt a powerful orgasm boiling over within her loins. A fireball developed deep within her cunt, and suddenly, her whole being seemed to be concentrated within the wee button of her clit. Her clitoris seemed to be growing larger and larger until it felt surely at least as large as a penis while Joel sucked the pre-cum that leaked from her womb.

Then the tip of his tongue traveled up the split in her lips and came to land on the pearl that had accumulated all her heat. One brush of Joel's tongue and she went off. She went off like she never realized she could. Her eyes were wide with revelation, and she stared at the blue sky through the leafy trees as she concentrated on this ecstacy that was beyond her wildest dreams. She was not even aware that her hands had released their clench on the blanket to fondle her own nipples. "Oh, Joel! . . . Please . . . Put your dick in my mouth!" she begged. Her mouth felt a strong need to suck something. "Please, Joel . . . your dick . . . in my mouth!"

Joel kept his head firmly planted in Reah's palpitating pussy while he pivoted his body around so that his cock and balls hung in her face. Reah licked and nibbled at his balls for a few seconds before voraciously devouring his cock. As she approached another climax, Reah sucked harder on his rod. Damn she gives great head! Joel thought when he realized he wouldn't be able to hold back much longer. Reah's hips began heaving again as she came the second time, and it was like fireworks as they both exploded into orgasmic spasms, cries and moans at the very same moment. Joel let his wad go in her mouth, and she swallowed it gluttonously, loving every drop.

Joel slowly rolled off her and turned his body around so his head was at hers. "Oh my, God! . . " Reah gasped. "I never knew it could be that good!"

They lay together lazily, looking up at the birds in the trees. "Hey, Joel?"

"What, Dear?"

"Know what the bird of wisdom is?"

"What, the owl?"

"Uh-huh . . . and know what the bird of freedom is?"

"The eagle?"

"That's right . . . And what about the bird of true love?"

"Ummmmm . . . . I don't know."

"The swallow, Dear . . . The swallow!"

Chapter ll

Kaye pulled into the parking lot of Jim's Diner to have a chat with Joel. The spare Harley that Whisper was letting her drive "to go to and from work only" was low on gas, and she thought it only right Joel should compensate for his wife's transportation necessities. She would demand gas money and he would give it to her--that is, of course, unless he wanted the judge to hear her side of the story. Oh, how she loved having Joel by the balls!

She was surprised when she pulled in that she didn't see his truck anywhere in sight. She decided to go in and ask if anyone knew where he'd gone or when he'd be back. She was met at the door by an angry, steaming, covetous excuse of a waitress. "Kaye! . . . Long time, no see, Girlfriend!" she faked.

"Yeah, yeah . . . Where's my husband?"

"Oh . . Joel . . He left earlier today . . Just minutes after that new blonde that started working here this week left. . . . I thought it was awfully suspicious . . so I watched out the window while he left . . You know what that turkey did?! . . He pulled right across the street and picked up that blonde bimbo . . . Her car's still sitting over there at the store! . . . . "

Kaye huffed out of the restaurant and jumped on her Harley. She was an awesome sight, with her long, fishnetted legs, high- heeled leather boots and extremely-short, cut-off blue jeans. Her nipples were stroked to life by the leather biker jacket she wore over her otherwise-naked body. Her long curls flew in the wind as she cruised across the street on the large, laid-back cycle toward Reah's car.

Dismounting and securing the heavy chopper directly behind Reah's auto, Kaye circled the car like an animal planning a kill. The sight of Joel's truck pulling into the lot caught her predatory eye.

"Oh, hell!" exclaimed Joel.

"What is it, Dear?!" Reah asked.

"That woman is my wife!"

"Oh, shit!"

"Oh, shit, is right! . . You just stay put," he said, pulling to a stop. "Lock the doors when I get out."

Joel approached Kaye, and she backhanded him. When he came toward her again, she pushed him away and started toward the passenger side of the truck. She tugged on the door handle and banged on the window. Joel was trying to pull her away. "I'm gonna kill you, bitch!" she was screaming at Reah. "You're not gonna get my husband, you bitch!"

Reah looked at the pathetic woman who might have looked hot from a distance, but up close looked like a ragged-out, old woman playing dress-up in a young woman's clothing. Reah was a country girl at heart, and she was tough. No smart bobcat would tangle with her. She sure as hell wasn't afraid of any city-chick, biker- bitch! To Joel's horror she unlocked her door and started to open it!

Kaye grabbed Reah by the blonde and "assisted" her from the vehicle. She slung her around by her hair and threw her up against her car. Reah made a fist and launched it, sinking it deep into Kaye's soft gut. Kaye buckled into a doubled knot, gasping for air. If Joel hadn't loved Reah before, he sure as hell loved her now. What a rare gem Reah was--unafraid to stand up to Kaye.

"What did you call me, you ditzy dumb-ass?!" Reah demanded, pressing Kaye up against Joel's truck. Kaye looked Reah in the eyes but said nothing, still struggling for air and trying not

to toss her cookies. Reah held Kaye against the truck, made another fist and raised it. "I said, What did you say to me?!"

"I said . . . . You're not . . gonna get . . my husband!"

Reah relaxed her grip on Kaye. "Well, that's where you're wrong . . . `Cause Joel and I happen to be in love!"

Kaye turned her eyes to Joel. "Is that true, Joel? . . Do you love her?"

Joel shifted looks between the two women who stood agitatedly waiting for his response. He felt as if Kaye had one of his nuts, Reah had the other and they were now playing a lively game of tug- o-war. "Uh . . uh . . " he stammered.

"I said," Kaye barked, " . . Do you . . love . . her?!"

Joel looked down at the pavement. "Yes," he muttered.

Kaye threw back her shoulders, went to her bike and straddled it. "Fine, then! . . . Joel, you just go home and get your shit out of my apartment! . . . I don't want you if you're in love with another woman! . . I'll see you in court! . . . . . As for you, Miss Tramp, you just better watch your back . . And do you honestly think you're the first woman Joel's fucked around on me with?!"

Reah gazed at Joel. "Is that true, Joel?"

Joel looked at his favorite spot on the pavement.

"Fine," snapped Reah, getting in her car and driving quickly away. Kaye kicked the hog's starter and rumbled away in the other direction. Joel stood alone in the middle of the deserted lot, wondering dumbly about what had just happened.

At least the game of tug-o-war was temporarily over.

When Kaye got home that night, she was stinking drunk. Joel was sitting alone in the apartment in the dark. She heard the tinkling of ice in his glass and turned on the light. He'd been sipping vodka all night, and was also fairly drunk. Secretly, to herself, Kaye was glad to see Joel. She'd been wondering how she was gonna get by without her meal ticket. "Wh're . . you doin' here?!" she slurred.

"This is my home."

"Na a'more is not!"

She picked up a stack of Joel's CD's and hurled them at him. They struck the wall beside him with a loud crack. "Ge yer stinkin' shit ou a my `partmen'!" Joel rose from his chair and went to her, taking her roughly into his arms. He grabbed the hair on back of her head like a cat by the nape of the neck. She fought him, but not genuinely. "Le go o' me, you bastar'!" she seethed, raking her nails across his face.

Joel yanked her head back and planted his mouth on hers. She attempted to push him away, but not really. He pierced her taut lips with his teeth and tongue, forcing his tongue deeply into her resisting mouth. She tasted of whiskey and cigarettes. Opening her jacket, he clutched her tit, groping it almost painfully. He dropped his mouth to her nipple. Pinching it between his teeth, he sucked it hard until the blood rushed into it.

She groaned against his restraint, and in her drunken torpor, nearly cried out Whisper's name. The way Joel was commanding her body was similar to the way Whisper would handle her. "OH . . Ga . . Wh . . Baby!" she moaned.

Still holding her hair, Joel threw her to the sofa while she flailed about in her intoxication. He ripped her shorts open and pulled them and her fishnets down her legs. He sunk an investigative finger into her pussy. "Mmmmm," he sighed, finding her all wet and ripe for him. This was all the information he needed. He knew now that she was only pretending to fight him, that her

body wanted him. The juicy state of her cunt told him that much.

He slipped his fingers easily in and out of her contesting body, his cock growing another notch toward full erection with each stroke. Her drunken kicks and growls were ineffective against his assault. He pulled his slimy fingers out of her cunt and continued to scruff her while unfastening and pulling his pants down to his thighs. With his penis pointing up and dangerously rigid, he used his weight to push her sideways, forcing her onto her stomach. He wanted to take her from behind--like an animal.

Using his knees to pry her legs open, he lifted her up with the hair by which he still held her. His free hand shoved two fingers inside her elevated cavity, and Kaye's angry cries of protest became obvious grunts of joy. Joel removed his fingers from her orifice and used his hand to guide the head of his dick into her. He lurched forward, and with one brutal motion drove his rod into her deeply. He fucked her hard and deep, and she began rocking against him, pretending not to like it. The rape fantasy had gotten her hot and aroused, and she soon began to orgasm. "Yes, Joel! . . . Fuck me! . . Fuck me, harder!" she screamed.

Joel did just that with the approach of his own predicament. He rammed his cock into her pussy as fast and as deep as he possibly could. When her trembling screams had subsided to whimpers of resolution, Joel pulled his dong out and stroked it with his own hand to climax. He wanted to watch his sperm shoot out onto Kaye's splayed butt. The display of creamy jism squirting from his swollen knob and splashing against her smooth, white ass cheeks was a sight to behold. He then used his softening rod to rub the cum into her skin.

As the outside world crept back in, Joel fell against her and pinned her between himself and the sofa. He loosened his grip on her hair, and gently kissed her neck. "I love you, Kaye," he whispered adoringly.

"I love . . you, too . . you sorry bastard!" she replied.

At the diner the next day, Joel wondered why Jim Darling was not there. Jim had not informed him of any reason why he would be late, and there was no answer at his apartment. Reah went about her job, totally ignoring Joel who was having to do all the cooking in Jim's absence. She moved with quick, deliberate motions of anger, and avoided eye contact at any cost. Joel's cock was doing its little leaps in his pants as he thought about their romantic `69' in the beautiful mountain forest yesterday. He was so frustrated at her snubbing by late morning, that he grabbed her by the arm, in front of anyone that happened to be watching, and drug her down the hall to the stock room. There he pleaded, "Please, Reah . . . Don't do me this way . . I can't stand it!"

"Joel, I'm sorry that your wife found out about us . . . but, as for me, my husband doesn't know . . and YOU WILL BE COOL!, so as he doesn't find out!"

"I thought . . you . . were . . filing for divorce?"

". . . . I don't know . . even so . . I don't want Stone to know about us . . at least until AFTER the divorce."

"Reah, Honey . . I'm sorry about what Kaye told you yesterday . . . I have been with other women while I've been married to her . . . But, that's because I don't love her . . . . Look, look at my face . . . " Joel pointed to the scratches on his face from his late-night "tumble" with Kaye. " . . . . I went by the apartment last night to pack my shit . . Kaye was there . . and she slapped me . . see? . . . . . Anyway, I got my shit . . . and now I'm staying with a friend . . . I've left my wife," he lied.

"Really?!"

"Yeah . . . I love you, Reah."

"Oh! I love you too, Joel!" She embraced him and they kissed. "I'm sorry for the way I've been acting," she told him. "It's just that I'm so . . confused . . and . . I'm trying to take things one day at a time . . . . But, I have an appointment with a divorce lawyer after work today."

"Oh yeah? . . . Reah, Honey, that's great! . . . C'mere."

He took her in his arms and kissed her again.

"You better get back out there," Joel directed. "I'll be out in just a minute . . . We don't need to go out together."

Reah kissed him again, then left the stock room. Joel folded his arms, threw back his head and sighed. He was pleased at his own finesse in handling his women. Now . . . if he could just make it through his trial next week . . .

Reah met that afternoon with an attorney and had her divorce papers drawn up. The papers stated her wishes that Stone get the savings account, the furniture, his coin collection, car, and any other personal belongings he'd like to keep.

She would get the house, her car, and full custody of the children. Stone would have visitation rights on the first and third weekend of every month and for six weeks during the summer. He would pay Reah $500.00 a month for child support, and provide for the children's health insurance. Also, Stone was to pay for, out of his hoarded savings, a new, centralized, air conditioner and heat pump for the house.

Reah read over the agreement and was pleased. She concluded that she and the kids would be decidedly better off without Stone than with him. He was getting off easy, considering the way he'd neglected them for all these years. If he contested Reah's wishes, she would threaten to take everything; and she was sure she could get it once she told the judge what kind of husband and father he'd been. This way, Stone would be forced by law to provide for the children he helped bring into the world, and Reah wouldn't have to put up with his abuse. She was happy with the agreement, and was sure with all she had against him, Stone would sign without a fight. Reah felt Stone was getting off with a lot less that he deserved, but she smiled anyway.

The lawyer asked Reah if his office should mail Stone his copy of the contract. "No, thanks, that won't be necessary," Reah replied. She knew Stone would be at HER house--he hadn't worked since she'd left him. "I'll deliver them to him personally on my way home this afternoon."

Stone picked up the morning newspaper and unfolded it. He was aghast when he read the front-page headline and saw the accompanying photograph. `DULUTH RESTAURANT OWNER FOUND MURDERED,' it read. The caption beneath the photo read: `James A. Darling.'

Chapter 12

Restaurant owner, James A. Darling, was found murdered in his Atlanta apartment during the early morning hours of July l5, authorities report. Police responded to a call reporting a gun shot at Falls Creek Apartments at 4:l5 a.m. Upon arrival at the scene, the victim's body was discovered in his home at ll0 Falls Blvd, Apt. 3223-J. Darling was apparently killed by a single gunshot wound to the head. Authorities are searching for the victim's assailant, but have made no arrests and have no suspects so far in this case. Darling was owner of Jim's Diner in Duluth. He was 34 years old.

Reah found Stone cowering in a corner of their bedroom, tears streaking his face. She knew she shouldn't, but she couldn't help feeling sorry for the man she'd been married to for twelve years. "Stone?! . . . What's wrong?!"

"What're you trying to do now, Reah . . . frame me?!"

"What are you talking about, Stone?!"

"Just answer me . . . Are the police coming for me . . Have you framed me?!"

"I . . I don't know what you're talking about . . . If you're in trouble . . . if you're guilty of something, I didn't frame you!"

"I found the blood stains on the sheet . . . . When did you take the blood sample from me? . . . while I was asleep?"

"What blood sample? . . . . What blood stains?!"

"Just tell me, Reah . . . Do I have AIDS or not?"

"Stone, you're not making any sense . . . You're talking crazy. . . . "

"The blood stains, Reah! . . . . On the bed . . . from the blood you spilled when you took a sample from me . . . . while I was sleeping . . . to have me tested for AIDS! . . . "

Reah walked over and looked at the bed. "Those are some blood stains that didn't come out in the wash from where I gave birth, Stone! . . . . That's the sheet I gave birth to our child on! . . . .I didn't take any blood from you!"

Stone's face became expressionless. He stared into space, a blank glaze coating his eyes. Reah became aware for the first time just how badly he was losing it. She began to wonder if she could serve him with divorce papers at this point.

"How's your lover, Reah . . . " Stone asked her, startling her for a moment. "How's Brent?"

"Brent? . . . . I don't know any Brent!"

"Oh, but you do . . . . You tried to hypnotise me into forgetting . . . But I didn't forget, Reah! . . . . I remember! . . . ."

"You remember what?!"

"I remember the night you hypnotised me . . . . You told me it was just a game . . that none of it was real. . . That's why I agreed to let you do it. You said you wanted to watch me give another man head while I was under hypnosis. You promised that it was not real . . that it would just be a dream. So I let you hypnotise me, and you brought in Jeff. . . . "

". . . Jeff? . . Who's Jeff?! . . . "

". . . . Jeff stood before me and I dropped to my knees in front of him . . . . I unzipped his pants and took out his cock. . . It was not hard yet, so I put it in my mouth and sucked it . . It grew in my mouth until is was long and hard. Jeff kept looking down at me, watching what I was doing . . . `That's it, Stone. Suck my fuck stick,' he said. And then he was pushing his hips at me, shoving his cock into my mouth. Faster he rammed it and harder, until I felt it gagging me in

my throat . . . and then . . . he shot a load into my mouth . . . That's when I thought it was the real thing . . . when I felt him come in my mouth . . that it wasn't a dream anymore . . But you hypnotised me again . . and assured me that nothing was happening for real. . . . . After that you told me that now you wanted to bring in another guy . . that it would only be a fantasy . . and you wanted me to watch him fuck you . . . You opened the bedroom door, and in stepped Brent . . . At least it was Brent's head . . . He had Brent's head and Greg's body . . . "

Reah could not believe what she was hearing. She knew no one by the name of Jeff, Brent or Greg, and she sure as hell didn't know how to hypnotise anybody. Stone was having some kind of strange hallucinations. "Stone . . . you're talking crazy . . . none of this happened!"

"Yeah, that's what you told me . . that it wasn't really happening . . . But I watched . . I watched as Brent undressed you then undressed himself. His cock was rock hard and enormous, a lot bigger than mine. . . You laid down on the bed, and he got on top of you. `Watch. . . Stone,' you ordered. `I want you to watch him fucking me . . I want you to see his dick going in and out of my pussy,' you said. So, I watched, because I couldn't turn my head away . . . I was in your power . . . . At first I thought he was hurting you because you were screaming so . . But, I walked up to the head of the bed and looked at your face . . And I could tell that you weren't screaming because he was hurting you . . You were screaming because you were liking it so much . . You were enjoying it with him more than you've ever enjoyed it with me, Reah, you whore! . . . . . And Brent's face kept turning colors--not normal colors, but hideous colors of blue, green, purple. . and his face kept changing from Brent to Greg . . . The grin on your face when you saw my shock . . it was . . evil . . "

"Stone, please," Reah interrupted, gently. "You really do need some mental help . . you need to see a psychiatrist or something."

"YOU are the one that needs help, Reah . . You know what you did to my mind . . You can keep denying and pretending if you want . . But it won't change what you've done. . . . . You're a witch . . A witch or some sort of demon . . And you made me do all those terrible things!"

Reah was afraid to ask, but she did anyway. "What? . . . What terrible things?"

"You know . . you made me do them."

"Tell me again then, Stone."

". . . . After you made me watch Brent fuck you . . I said that it was my turn . . my turn for some action . . And you said I could have anything I wanted . . since this whole thing was, after all, only a dream . . You said I could have any fantasy I wanted because nothing was happening for real . . And then I said I had always fantasized about doing it with a young girl . . I mean . . really . . young. That's when you left the room and you came back in with a doll. You told me to stick my dick in the doll's mouth. . . When I hesitated . . you assured me that it was all right since all this was just a fantasy and nothing was happening for real. . . . So I did . . I stuck my dick in the doll's mouth. . . and looked up at the ceiling . . then . . it felt so good . . the soft, hot mouth . . lips and tongue . . so real . . so wet . . . . so damn good . . . like it was better than the real thing . . . So I couldn't hold it . . I had to let my wad go, and sperm shot out into the doll's mouth . . and when I looked back down . . the doll was gone . . and in its place was our real live baby girl . . our real live baby girl with my cum all over her face! . . ."

Reah was so appalled she could hardly speak. She couldn't bare to think about what Stone had probably done to her infant daughter. "How could you?! . . You animal!"

"You told me it was okay, Reah . . You said it wasn't real."

"How dare you! . . . I would never do such a sick and perverted thing . . . I am sick of you and

your stupid mind games, Stone. I want you out of my life . . . I want you to go to hell!"

" . . . You know what you did, Reah!"

Enraged, Reah took the divorce papers and a pen out of her purse. She unfolded the agreement and handed it to Stone. "I want you to sign this paper," she said. "This is what I want from you-- a divorce!"

Stone sat down on the bed and began reading over the contract. "Ha! . . You think I'm gonna give you the house?!"

"Unless you want a judge to know about what a terrible husband and father you are, you'll sign!"

"C. . Can't we go to a marriage counselor . . or something?"

"No, Stone! . . . I've been trying to get you to go to a counselor with me for years and you never would . . . It's too late now . . . I don't want to be married to you anymore . . I don't love you! . . . There's no use trying if I don't love you anymore!"

"Fine! . . . I just want you to quit doing things to my mind!" Stone said as he signed the contract.

Reah took the signed paper from him. "I want you out of my house by this weekend," she asserted. "I'll call the air conditioner people out tomorrow and have them send the bill to whatever your new address is gonna be."

"Reah, where do you think I'm gonna get the money for all this?"

"Stone, I know you have at least $20,000 in the bank. The only way you managed to save that much money is by neglecting your family. It's about time you started supporting your children."

As she walked toward the front of the house, Reah thought about Stone's mental state. He probably didn't even realize what he'd just signed. But she didn't care. She'd be a single woman, free of that lunatic, as soon as these papers were signed by the judge.

"I love you, Reah!" she heard Stone yelling from down the hall. "This is not what I wan . ."

Reah stopped the sound of his voice as she closed the door behind her.

When Reah arrived at the diner the next morning, she was surprised to see the crew for the evening shift was there also. Everyone was sitting around a table in the center of the deserted diner, and Joel was at the front door turning away any customers that attempted to enter. When he was sure all members of the wait staff were seated around the table, he turned the lock on the front door and put a `Closed' sign in the window. He approached the table where everyone watched him expectantly. His speech was robotic, but not unemotional.

"I guess, ya'll are wondering why I called this meeting this morning," he began. "For those of you who haven't already heard, Jim Darling was found shot to death in his apartment yesterday morning. . . "

From the gasp of horror that arose from the table, Joel assumed the word had not yet gotten around.

"A memorial service will be held in Jim's hometown of Yazoo, Mississippi." Joel continued. "Jim had a will, and it states that his wish, in the event of his death, is for the diner to be sold and the proceeds be donated to Emery University for their use in AIDS research. It seems Jim was planning to die before he got old, anyway, ladies and gentlemen; for you see, Jim was HIV positive."

More gasps of horror. "So, it is with sincere regret that I must inform ya'll . . . that as of today . . Jim's Diner is closed . . . and up for sale. Ya'll's final paychecks will be sent to you in the mail . . . and ya'll are welcome to file for unemployment until you can find other jobs. I've enjoyed

working with ya'll. . . . . Good luck. . . . "

Joel heard the whispers of disbelief and chairs scraping the floor as he turned his back on his former employees and went into the kitchen. Reah followed behind him. She found him leaning against the counter with his head bowed, cradled in his hand. "I'm so sorry to hear about Jim," she spoke softly. "I know he was a good friend to you.

"Yeah . . . I just wish they'd hurry up and catch the bastard that did this!" Joel swore.

Reah took him in her arms and stroked his hair in an effort at consolation. Joel returned the embrace, and spawned hope from their combined strength. "Do the police have any idea who did it?" she asked.

"No . . . They have a few leads . . but nothing really . . . There's no telling . . . Jim had a lot of lovers . . and ex-lovers . . . not to mention his alias."

"His alias?"

"Yeah, Jim was also a woman named Darla . . . . He probably pissed off quite a few men with that trick . . . ."

"Wow . . . I never knew . . . . . Hey, I've got some news that'll cheer you up."

"What?"

"Stone signed the divorce papers with no contest!"

"Really?!"

"Yeah . . . My divorce will be final just as soon as the judge signs the agreement."

"Reah, that's great! . . . " His hand dropped down to fondle the little crack between her legs and ass. " . . . Can I see you?" he asked.

"Sure! . . ." She grabbed a pencil and a scrap of paper from her purse. "This is the phone number at my parent's. I'll be staying there until Stone gets moved out of the house. . . . I told him I want him out by this weekend. . . . Give me a call."

"Alright . . . . Well, I need to get to work around here . . . There's a lot to do . . . . I'll call you this afternoon, okay?"

"Yeah . . . I better get out and look for another job . . . I'll be home by this afternoon to catch your call."

Reah left the restaurant looking forward to an evening with Joel . . . . She was ready to consummate their affair.

Reah did not want her parents to know about the other man in her life just yet, so that afternoon she waited expectantly by the phone. When it rang she answered it quickly and quietly made plans to meet Joel in the parking lot of McCraken Park at eight o'clock. From there they would drive to their favorite makeout spot at the mountaintop park. She told her mother she was going to LeAnne's and taking the kids with her, then secretly phoned LeAnne and made arrangements for her to keep her kids while she had a rendevous with her lover. Everything was falling perfectly into place, except for one thing--severe thunderstorms were moving into the area.

"You'd better be careful, Reah . . . " LeAnne warned when she dropped the kids at her house. The wind whipped the trees, and a few plump raindrops were already beginning to fall. Imposing black clouds formed on the horizon. At only 7:50 p.m., it was already almost completely dark. ". . . It's comin' a storm."

"Yeah, yeah," Reah acknowledged. "I will."

Reah was so in love, she felt invincible. As she neared the park, the storm set in. Wind, impregnated with intense rain, blasted at her little car, jostling the vehicle nearly off the road.

Reah could not locate the road beneath her. At l0 mph, she still could not see ten feet in front of the hood. Many cars were pulling to the side of the road, to wait it out, but Reah kept on trudging. She had an unquestionably important destination. White flashes of vivid lightening made the appearance of daylight just long enough for her to make out a white line on the road here and there.

She began searching for the entrance to McCraken Park, wondering how she would ever find it. She judged that it should be coming up soon, but the streetlights were out, and her headlights were useless. The lightning was the only form of illumination.

To her bafflement, she noticed a small light on the side of the road just ahead. The light waved back and forth in a beckoning motion. Her eyes followed the light as she drew closer. Some idiot was on the side of the road in the pouring rain with a flashlight. It was Joel!

Reah followed the tiny beam of his light and pulled into the entrance of the park. She leaned over, rolled down the passenger side window and yelled to him, "What in the hell are you doing standing out in the rain?!"

Joel ran to the car and jumped in. He was drenched to the bone. "Are you crazy?!" Reah scolded. "You could have been struck by lightning . . You could have been killed!"

He panted as he rolled up the window. "I . . . thought . . you . . might have a hard time . . finding me. . . . . I'm parked right over there . . . . Pull up next to my truck."

Reah did, and they hopped out and ran to Joel's truck. The rain was coming down, not in drops, but in sheets; and by the time Reah traveled the few feet to the truck, she too was soaked.

"Oh, I can't believe this!" she laughed at their frustrating luck. Her hair and clothes were saturated and sticking to her as she pulled and shook at her blouse. Joel cranked the truck and pulled out of the parking space.

"Where are you going?!" Reah asked.

"I thought we were going to the mountaintop."

"You can't drive in this!"

"Sure I can!" said the typical male.

He headed toward the main road. In the parking lot alone, he could barely see to drive. He did a small drive around the lot, and returned to his parking space. "Well, maybe not," he admitted.

"What are we gonna do, Joel?" Reah asked, nervously.

"It's just a little, spring shower . . . . We'll wait it out."

Their eyes were singed by a sudden flash of brilliant light, and a tremendous crack sounded from lightning crashing somewhere dangerously close by. Reah literally leaped into Joel's arms.

"A little, spring shower, huh?!" she gasped.

"Don't be afraid, Dear . . . . A car is the safest place to be during a lightning storm."

Still, Reah jumped into him more, when another thunderous bolt smashed nearby. A gust of suffused wind rocked the little truck fiercely.

"Yeah, and the most dangerous place to be in a tornado!" Reah contended.

Joel embraced her frightened head, and pulled it to rest on his chest. He stroked her wet hair soothingly. They were completely socked in the small cab by the thick, blowing rain and utter darkness. Flickering lightning was the only break in the black night. He lifted her glistening face and kissed her. She began to forget about the raging storm.

She returned Joel's kiss stronger, tearing into him and unbuttoning his sopping shirt. She had been dreaming of that musky rug of chest hair since their last lovemaking, and she was dying to

get at it again. Joel lightly stroked her back and arms while she buried her face between his furry breasts.

The smell and feel of Joel's masculinity was exaggerated by the moisture on his skin, and it drove Reah crazy. She wanted this man, and she wanted him now! Her hand slid between his thighs to inspect his crotch. She was happy to find a stiff boner waiting to greet her wandering hand. She was now oblivious to the storm happening around them. It had been drowned out by the storm in her pussy.

"Oh, Joel I love you!" she said loudly, over the rolling thunder.

"I love you, too, Reah," he replied against the howling wind.

Joel was amazed and excited by Reah's sudden aggression. He decided to take it easy and let her have her way with him. By now, she had his pants undone and his cock out. She toyed with it for a moment then encircled it with her lips. She sucked him to a steel erection, then remembered what she wanted. She wanted him inside her--to christen the interior of her pussy with his staff's seed--to shroud his unit with her cunt's honey.

She left Joel's embrace, undid her jeans and struggled to pull the wet, clinging garments down to her ankles. She pulled the foot completely out of one pants' leg. The cab was confining, and the vehicle rocked from both the furious wind and Reah's hasty undressing. Having her dripping pouch uncovered, she positioned herself between Joel and the steering wheel, straddled him and pressed herself down onto him. The strobe of the lightening helped her locate the white shaft of Joel's penis, and she guided it to her wet hole. She forced her hips down as he slid inside her hot pocket. Their skin was chilled and clammy from the rain, but the point of their convergence was hot and sultry. The contrast was delectable.

Reah's shirt clung stickily to her breasts, and Joel lifted it and pulled her breast over the cup of her bra. He latched onto her nipple with his lips as she moved their tight link up and down the length of his penis. Shivers of excitement electrified her body at the knowledge of their joining. The exhilarating thought alone of being this intimate with the man she loved was enough to make her come.

The climatic peak of their coupling occurred when she lurched into a grinding orgasm. Her pungent pussy juices poured out and around Joel's throbbing rod, Joel's juices shot out to mingle with them and the wetness of their rain-soaked bodies. At that very same moment the lightening created another blast. The burst of brightness mirrored their expressions of ecstacy, and the windy thunder mimicked their moans of passion.

The storm seemed now to pass to a comfortable distance, and the two lovers sat holding each other while their spasms subsided. The moon came out from behind the clouds and smiled on their magnificent afterglow.

Finally, Reah spoke what was on her mind. "Are you going to divorce your wife, Joel?"

"Uh . . Yeah . . . . As a matter of fact, I went to see a lawyer earlier today."

"Really?! . . . . What lawyer are you going to?"

"Uh . . . I . . . . Can't remember his . . . name . . . . It's kind of . . a . . funny . . name."

"Is it Balaban?"

"Yeah . . Yeah . . That's it . . Balaban."

"Really?! . . . . . That's the same lawyer I went to."

"Yep . . . . Now all I gotta do is get my wife to sign the papers, and we can be together."

"Oh, Joel . . . . I'd like that . . . I can't wait!"

Chapter 13

Reah had to physically pack Stone's things and find him an apartment to get him out of her house. Her father had a few pieces of furniture delivered--a couch, a loveseat, a coffee table and a TV/VCR on a stand--and she bought a bed cheap from a friend who was moving. She was going around the house situating things to her liking when the phone rang. It was Stone calling from his apartment.

"Reah, this is not what I wanted," Stone sobbed.

"You should have thought about that before you treated me like shit for twelve years, Stone!"

"You know what you did to my mind!"

"Stone, I did not hypnotize you . . . . I don't even know how to hypnotize anybody . . . . If I were gonna hypnotize you, I would have hypnotized you into being nice to me, not into treating me like shit!"

"You know what you did . . . You made me do all those terrible things. ."

"I'm sorry if you're feeling guilty about the things you've done, Stone. . . You SHOULD feel guilty . . especially about the way you've treated your family . . . But it's not my fault . . . I'm tired of you saying everything is always MY fault . . . You're just gonna have to find a way to deal with your own guilty conscience!"

"Reah . . Reah! . . . . I'm . . I'm having a panic attack!! . . . Please come over here now . . . right now!"

"NO, Stone! . . I'm not coming over there!"

"I bought a gun, Reah . . . . I'm holding it to my head right now. . . .If you don't come over here, I'm gonna blow my brains out!"

Reah slammed down the phone. She hated to admit it to herself, but she wished in a way that Stone would shoot himself. That would be the only way she'd ever be completely free of him.

She picked up the phone again and dialed Stone's father, who lived in Florida. She explained the situation to him and told him that Stone was threatening to kill himself. Stone's father agreed to catch the next plane out.

"Did you hypnotize him?" Stone's father asked her.

"NO!"

"Sounds like he's in a depression because of the divorce. I'll get him to a psychiatrist."

"Thanks, Mr. Michaels."

When Reah hung up, the phone rang again. It was Stone.

"I decided not to shoot myself, Reah."

Reah's heart sank just a tad.

"I decided to wait until I have the kids on my weekend . . . . I'm gonna shoot myself in front of them!"

"Stone, your father's on his way."

"What?! . . . You told my dad about this?!"

"Yes, Stone . . . You need some help!"

"I don't need any help! . . . You're the one who needs help, Reah!"

Stone hung up. Reah let out a deep breath. How she wished Stone would get out of her life and leave her alone.

* * * *

Joel was relieved when Kaye didn't show up for his circuit court trial. However, the officer who had supposedly "caught him in the act" did. The state attorney suggested to Joel that he enter a plea of guilty in exchange for a plea bargain, explaining that if the case went to district court, a jury was not likely to believe his word over a police officer's. A plea bargain was hammered out, and the Judge sentenced Joel to a year's probation and mandatory attendance of Spouse Abuse Classes. "Any further reports of violence toward your wife will result in a jail sentence," the judge ruled.

Joel left the courthouse feeling Kaye still had him by the balls. He went straight to Reah's house. She was not home--her good looks had quickly landed her another job as a receptionist in a real estate office. But, she had given him a key. He pulled his truck around in back of her house, let himself in, poured himself a drink and awaited her arrival.

When Reah got home from work, she was ecstatic to see Joel on her sofa. "Why'd you park your truck around back?" she asked. "I thought Kaye had agreed to a divorce?"

"She did . . . uh . . . The papers are at the attorney's office . . . waiting for her to come by and sign them."

Reah thought that was odd since the attorney had offered to mail her papers to Stone. "Then why did you park around back?"

"Uh . . You know that bitch . . she'll try to make trouble for us . . . I don't want her to know I'm here until after the divorce is final."

"Why, Joel . . . I'm not scared of that bitch . . Why are you?"

"Uh . . I just don't want any trouble . . . that's all."

"If she comes on my property, I'll call the cops on her . . . no trouble!"

"Reah! . . . Just drop it, okay?!"

Reah looked at Joel and wondered why he was acting so strangely. But, she was so glad he was there. She decided to drop it so they could enjoy their evening together. Visions of fucking him on her new bed came to her mind.

"Are you hungry? . . I'll fix dinner," she said.

"Yeah . . . Great," Joel agreed.

Reah called her mother and arranged for her to keep the kids for the night. Then she prepared a dinner of pot roast and vegetables. She and Joel shared a lovely candlelight dinner and then snuggled in front of the television for a movie. The romantic evening fueled Reah's fire, and she anxiously awaited bedtime when she could spend the whole night in bed with the man she loved so dearly.

Joel grew anxious at the thought of bedtime, also. That's when Kaye would be arriving home from the club. He wanted to get there before she did. When the movie went off at eleven o'clock, he stood from the couch and stretched. "I guess I better be going," he said.

"What?!! . . . . . I was hoping you'd spend the night!" Reah exclaimed.

"Ohhhh . . . my friends will be expecting me . . . I don't need to go in in the middle of the night and disturb them. . . I don't have any clothes with me . . or anything . . ."

"You can go get your clothes in the morning . . . . Why are you staying with your friends still, anyway . . . Why don't you just move in here with me?!"

"Uh . . . . I don't want to do that, yet, Reah . . . not until we . . . have been together for awhile. . . "

"Well, at least spend the night tonight . . . I want you Joel . . . My pussy's throbbing for your cock!"

Reah thought those words would get him to stay for sure. But, she was wrong. "I'm sorry . . . I can't, Reah . . . . Some other time, okay? . . . after my divorce is final."

Reah plopped down on the couch and pouted. Inside, her burning passion had turned sour. She now burned with hurt and anger.

Joel glanced at his watch and coldly rushed out the door. Reah stared after him in disbelief. She never thought Joel would hurt her like this.

The next day at her desk, Reah thumbed through the phone book. She was not usually busy this time of the morning since none of the agents were in yet. She ran her finger down the column until she came to the name Craig C. Balaban, Attorney at Law. She picked up the phone and dialed the number. A friendly receptionist answered on the other end, "Good morning, Craig Balaban's office. May I help you?"

"Yes, M'am. This is Kaye Dearman," replied Reah. "I need to get directions to your office so I can come by there and sign my divorce papers."

"Okay, sure, Ms. Dearman." The receptionist gave Reah detailed instructions on how to locate the office.

". . . And are the papers ready for me to sign when I get there?"

"Just a moment. Let me check . . ."

The receptionist put Reah on hold. "I'm sorry, Ms. Dearman. . . . I can't seem to locate your file . . . Let me ask Mr. Balaban if he knows where it is."

The receptionist put Reah on hold again. "Ms. Dearman, you must have the wrong attorney's office . . . we don't have a `Dearman' file. . . . Ms. Dearman? . . . . Hello? . . . Hello? . . . . "

When she got home that evening, Reah was not surprised to find Joel at her house. Of course, his truck was parked in back. He went to her as soon as she came through the door and placed his mouth over hers before she had a chance to get any words out. He was sure he could prey on her passion for him, and keep her happy without a commitment. "Let's make love, Honey," he panted against her lips. "I want your pussy."

"Wait," she said, pushing him away. "I have a surprise for you . . Wait here."

Reah went into her bedroom, and he heard her shuffling about. He wondered what she was doing in there. Finally, she came out in a sexy, white lace teddy she had bought just to please her man. Damn!, she is all legs, Joel thought to himself. "You're so fuckin' beautiful," he said out loud as he took her into his arms. Reah hugged him back--with both arms, and a long leg around his waist. He could feel the warmth of her cunt all the way through his clothes as she hunched it against him. She kissed him furiously and planned to turn him every way but loose in the bedroom. She wanted him to remember--remember what he had thrown away . . as soon as she dumped him.

She took him by the hand and led him down the hall to her bedroom. The only piece of furniture in the room was the bed, and she sat down on it. She pulled Joel to her and began unfastening his pants as he stood before her. "I want to suck you off, Joel . . . I want to feel you cum on my tongue."

Joel looked down at her lustily as she unwrapped his cock and took it in her mouth. She sucked him so good and so deep. Her soft, shiny hair brushed his hips each time she pulled him into her. He was amazed at the way she could take his entire length without gagging. God, he

loved her!

Her fantastic talent left Joel with no other choice other than to quickly unload into her incredible mouth. She devoured his cum erotically, letting some of it spew outside her lips for visual effect. Joel's rod wilted slightly, but Reah's able tongue managed to coax it back to steel hardness in very little time. She lowered his pants and removed his shirt. "Take off your shoes," she ordered.

Joel did. "Now, turn around. I wanna look at you naked," she directed. Joel turned around, his hairy body adorned with the extra limb of his protruding cock. "Again, more slowly this time," Reah commanded.

Joel felt as if his cock were stretching against its skin. It was so hard it throbbed almost painfully as Reah gave him orders. "Okay, now lie on your back on the bed," she instructed.

He watched her expectantly as he situated himself on the bed. She stood at the foot of the bed and straddled her legs. She gyrated her rear and swung her hips as she unsnapped her crotch. Joel's hard-on throbbed double-time when Reah revealed her pussy to him. She moved to the top of the bed and straddled his head. He looked straight up into the fleshy flaps of her twat as she bent her knees and lowered her spread puss to within smelling distance of Joel's face. Joel thought he would surely come right then and there when he caught a whiff of her poon tang, and he felt his dick do a carnal dance with the throbs that pounded through it. Then Reah lowered herself over his hips and pushed the sheath of her cunt over his pulsating unit. She humped him roughly up and down . . one . . two . . three times, and he lost it. He shot his wad into her before her climax even began to build. But, she was so horny, she had to have a release. "No, no," she barked as his cock grew soft inside her. "I want to come, too!"

She lowered her lips to his dick and sucked its flimsy shaft. Joel groaned with the combined ecstacy and pain of her licking. His tired dick began to rise with a will of its own. "That's it," she coached. "I want him hard and fucking me from behind!"

She sucked him to another throbbing erection, then positioned herself on all fours in front of him. "C'mon, fuck my pussy doggy style," she demanded.

Joel got on his knees between her ass cheeks and began pounding his meat into the puffy pouch of her pussy. "Oh, yeah . . That's it. . . yeah, yeah," she grunted as he fucked her. She slipped her own fingers down between her legs and wiggled her clit. That unlatched an orgasm in her cunt that pulled and sucked at Joel's diving member. He was not long behind her. He grasped her hips and crammed cock into her, his ejaculation ricocheting against her pussy walls.

Joel grumbled hoarsely and fell immediately to the mattress, spent and splendidly exhausted. Reah got up from the bed, and threw his clothes on his stomach. "I think you'd better leave!" she boomed.

"Wha . . .Wha . . Why . . What . . did I do something wrong?!"

"I got my divorce, Joel . . . When are you gonna get yours?!"

"I told you! . . . Just as soon as my wife signs the papers!"

"You're lying to me, Joel!"

"How do you know?!"

"Because I called Craig Balaban's office."

"You did?! . . . Well . . Uh . . . Maybe I got his name wrong!"

"Get out, Joel!"

"But, Reah . . . I love you!"

"Look, Joel . . . I've been doing a lot of thinking . . . . I needed to leave Stone anyway . . and

any guy giving me attention would have given me strength to do that . . You've served your purpose . . You gave me strength to get out of my bad marriage. . . . I don't need a man in my life to make me a complete person . . A man's history is the best indicator of his true self, and a smart woman wouldn't expect a man to change for her . . . . Obsessive love is fine if you don't mind being miserable two thirds of the time, Joel. . . . I need some time alone to find myself, decide what I want for myself . . . I don't want another man that treats me like shit! . . . I put up with that for too long already."

"But, Reah, I LOVE you!"

"I'm sorry, Joel. I want you to leave! . . . . If you get your divorce, give me a call . . . Until then, get the hell out of my life!"

Joel got dressed and left Reah's house with head bowed. He thought perhaps Reah was too much woman for him to handle.

Reah listened to the sound of his truck starting and driving away. She went to her closet and popped the tape out of the camera. Going wet and naked into the den, she plugged the tape into the VCR. She masturbated with a perfectly-good, right hand as she watched the X-rated video she had just made from her bedroom closet of herself and Joel doing it down-and-dirty doggie style.

THE END